



messing about in **BOATS**

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March/April 2022



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Last issue we assembled a variety of articles about rowing and while so doing noted how much there was in hand about paddling, in particular canoeing. So in this issue we bring you a collection of stories, poems and photos featuring this versatile craft that goes back to long ago when it could be built entirely from locally available materials to then transport builders and their cargoes over the waterways that provided the farthest reaching ways to get there and back.

I've had little experience canoeing, when the paddling bug bit it was in kayaks on the nearby open seacoast adjacent to where we live rather than the even closer flatwater of the Ipswich River. One summer I attended the L.L. Bean Canoe Symposium in Maine and paddled a double with a woman who thanked me profusely following our introductory paddle for not shouting at her like her husband did when he tried to teach her about tricky things like J-strokes and such.

Historically I got very interested in how the canoes were developed by native Americans into quite formidable craft for trading furs from far into the otherwise inaccessible interior of our vast nation. I was intrigued to learn how the French voyageurs adopted the native craft while the British (from whom I happen to be descended) undertook to do their waterborne travel on their heavy oar propelled rowboats.

So have a look at what follows on these pages...

Our front cover pictures members of our local Norumbega Chapter of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association on a summer outing with their full report on pages 16 and 17 and more on how they spend time in the shop restoring their canoes on pages 42 and 43.

On page 3 we have a poetic tale told by a birch bark canoe about its underappreciated hard life from a wonderful 1912 book of poems, *The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond* of 1912.

On page 5, Duncan Wright includes in his "Stories from the Days of Sail" a spectacular report about shooting surf in the voyageurs' large birchbark freight canoes.

Pages 12-15 find Tammy Venn's "Inland Paddling on New Hampshire's Lake Umbagog" done with her husband David Eden in ultra-light open Hornbeck canoes rather than their usual sea kayaks befitting the Editor and Publisher of *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker*.

Pages 22 and 23 offer a unique canoeing adventure reprinted from a long ago issue of *MAIB*, "Cruising Maine's Non-Navigable Waters," revealing some of the limitations of these otherwise useful small craft.

Pages 24-27 are directly scanned from the pages of an 1898 issue of *Harper's Round Table* giving a first hand look with its evocative illustrations at how recreational canoeing was viewed some 120 years ago.

Page 37 offers a full page look at *Practical Mechanics* "PM Canvas Canoe" project promised within that issue.

Our centerspread on pages 38 and 39 offers a panoramic view of just how popular canoeing was on Boston's Charles River as pictured on a postcard of the time.

Following right along on pages 40 and 41 is another bygone article from *MAIB* detailing how a group of structural engineering students designed, built and raced concrete canoes.

Pages 54-56 tells the story of the man behind the International Canoe that was the fastest boat afloat under sail in its time, courtesy of *Canoe Sailor*.

Pursuing this sailing canoe topic, pages 57-59 present John Gardner's discussion, "Sailing Canoe Exciting Boat for Cruising," first published in *National Fisherman*, courtesy of John's daughter.

On pages 60-62 we have from the pages of *Dinghy Cruising*, "Sailing Rigs in the Rafters," all about a collection of bygone canoe sail rigs from the attic of the Mersey Canoe Club UK.

I didn't have room for my favorite canoe story from a bygone issue of *MAIB*, Jim Dina's "Voyage of the Ant" in which he tells of how he built his own birch bark canoe just as the native Americans did from locally available materials without the use of any European metal tools.

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On the Cover...

Members of the Norumbega Chapter of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association off on their annual Fathers' Day paddle on the Concord and Assabet Rivers in eastern Massachusetts. This is the major outing of the season for this very active wooden canoe group, paddling the canoes many have either built or restored during the winter.

"O Ma ole canoe! w'at's matter wit' you,
an' w'y was you be so slow?
Don't I work hard enough on de paddle, an'
still you don't seem to go-
No win' at all on de fronte side, an' current
she don't be strong,
Den w'y are you lak lazy feller, too sleepy
for move along?"

"I 'member de tam w'en you jomp de sam'
as deer wit' de wolf behin'
An' brochet on de top de water, you scare
heem mos' off hees min';
But fish don't care for you now at all, only
jus' mebbe wink de eye,
For he know it's easy git out de way w'en
you was a passin' by."

I'm spikin' dis way jus' de oder day w'en
I'm out wit' de ole canoe,
Crossin' de point w'ere I see las' fall wan
very beeg caribou,
W'en somebody say, "Phil-Q-rum,
mon vieux,
wat 's matter wit' you youse'f?"
An' who do you s'pose was talkin'?'
w'y de poor ole canoe shese'f.

O yass, I'm scare w'en I'm sittin' dere, an'
she's callin' rna nam' dat way:
"Phil-a-rum Juneau, w'y you spik so moche,
you're off on de head to-day
Can't be you forget ole feller, you an'
me we're not too young,
An' if I 'm lookin' so ole lak you, I t'ink
I will close rna tongue.

"You should feel ashame; for you're always
blame, w'en it isn't ma fault at all
For I 'm try-in' to do bes' I can for you on
summer-tam, spring, an' fall.
How offen you drown on de reever if I 'm
not lookin' out for you
W'en you're takin' too moche on de w'isky
some night comin' down de Soo.

"De firse tam we go on de Wessoneau no
feller can beat us den,
For you're purty strong man wit' de paddle,
but dat 's long ago ma frien',
An' win' she can blow off de mountain, an'
tonder an' rain may come,
But camp see us bote on de evening-
you know dat was true Phil-a-rum.

"Phil-o-Rum's Canoe"

Reprinted from *The Poetical Works
of William Henry Drummond*
G.P. Putnam's Sons 1912



"An' who's your horse too, but your ole
canoe, an' w'en you feel cole an' wet
Who was your house when I'm upside down
an' onder de roof you get,
Wit' rain ronnin' down rna back, Bapteme!
bll I 'm gettin' de rheumateez,
An' I never say not'ing at all, moi-meme,
but let you do jus' you please

"You t'ink it was right, kip me out all night
on reever side down below,
An' even 'Bon Soir' you was never say, but
off on de camp you go
Leffin' your poor ole canoe behin' lyin' clere
on de groun'
Watchin' de moon on de 'vater, an' de bat
flyin' all aroun'.

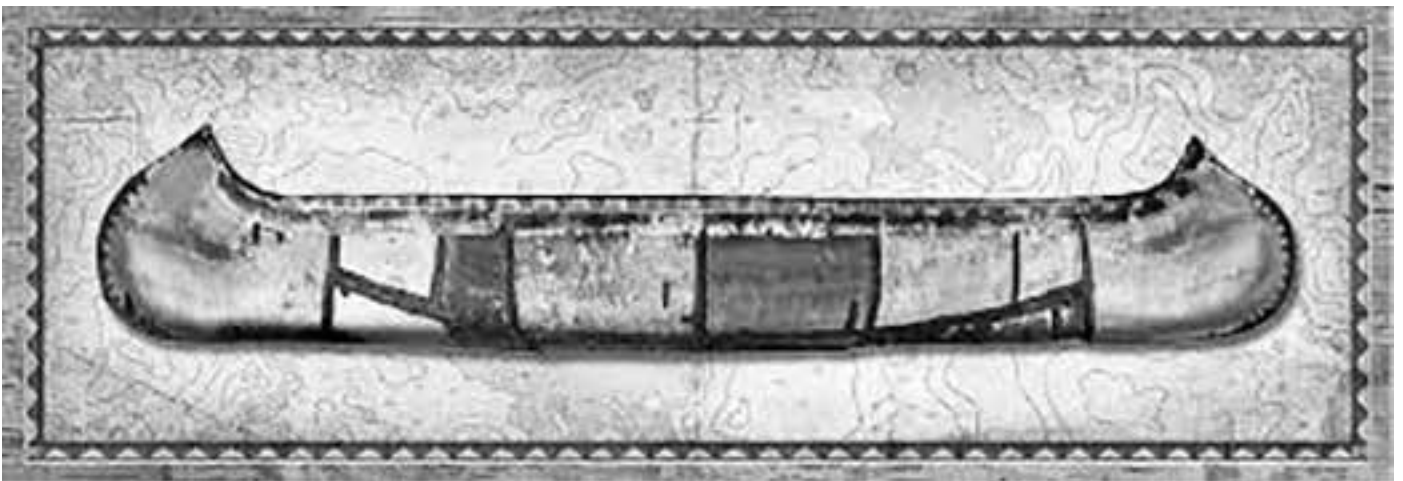
"O! dat 's lonesome t'ing hear de grey owl
sing up on de beeg pine tree
An' many long night she kip me awake till
sun on de eas' I see,
An' den you come down on de morning for
start on some more voyage.
An' only t'ing decen' you do all day is carry
me on portage.

"Dat's way Phil-o-rum, rheumateez she
come, wit' pain rannin' troo rna side
Wan leetle hole here, noder beeg wan dere,
dat not'ing can never hide;_
Don't do any good fix me up agen, no mat-
ter how moche you try,
For w'en we come ole an' our work she's
done, bote man an' canoe mus' die."

Wall! she talk dat way mebbe mas' de day,
till we're passin' some beaver dam
An' wan de young beaver he's mak' hees tail
come down on de 'water flam!
I never see de canoe so scare, she jomp
nearly two, t'ree feet
I t'ink she was goin' for ronnie away, an' she
shut up de mout' toute suite.

It mak' me feel queer, de strange t'ing I hear,
an' I'm glad she don't spik no more,
But soon as we fin' ourse'f arrive over dere
on de noder shore
I tak' dat canoe lak de lady, an' carry her' off
wit' me,
For I 'm sorry de way I treat her, an' she
know more dan me, sapree!

Yass! dat 's smart canoe, an' I know it's true,
w'at she's spikin' wit' me dat day,
I 'm not de young feller I use to be w'en
work she was only play;
An' I know I was comin' closer on place
w'ere I mus' tak' care
W'ere de mos' worse current's de las' wan
too, de current of Dead Riviere.
You can only steer, an' if rock be near, wit'
wave dashin' all aroun',
Better mak' leetle prayer, for on Dead Riv-
iere some very smart man get drown;
But if you be locky an' watch youse'f,
mebbe
reever won't seem so wide,
An' firse t'ing you know you'll ronnie
ashore, safe on de noder side.



Captains Two Years Before the Mast, 1840 Richard Henry Dana

"Upon our coming into the forecabin, there was some difficulty about the uniting of allowances for bread, by which we thought we were to lose a few pounds. This set us into a ferment. The captain would not condescend to explain and we went aft in a body with John, the Swede, the oldest and best sailor of the crew, for spokesman..."

The captain "was walking the weather side of the quarterdeck, and seeing us coming aft, stopped short in his walk and, with a voice and look intended to annihilate us, called out, 'Well, what the d--- do you want now?' Whereupon we stated our grievances as respectfully as we could but he broke in upon us saying that we were getting fat and lazy, didn't have enough to do and it was that which made us find fault. This provoked us and we began to give word for word. This would never answer. He clenched his fist, stamped and swore, and ordered us all forward, saying with oaths enough to send the words home. 'Away with you! Go forward every one of you! I'll haze you! I'll work you up!... You've mistaken your man!..."

The matter was, however, set right, for the mate, after allowing the captain due time to cool off, explained it to him, and at night were called aft to hear another harangue... Thus the affair blew over, but the irritation caused by it remained and we never had peace or a good understanding again so long as the captain and crew remained together."

The Log of a Sea Waif, 1899 Frank Bullen

We remained in Coconada for three weeks and filled the hold with a collection of Indian produce "of which cotton, linseed and myrabolums formed the staple..." Then all hands, released from their stifling labours below, bent their energies to getting ready for sea. Meanwhile, although our crew were certainly a most patient set of men, their discontent at the shorthandedness, which ever since leaving home had pressed so hardly upon us all, gathered to a head, culminating in a visit of all hands to the quarterdeck with a request to see the skipper.

Genial as ever, Captain Smith appeared, his ruddy face wearing an expression of benign wonderment at the unusual summons. "Well, what is it, men?" said he. Then stepped forward an elderly Yankee, who had been a bosun's mate in the American navy, a shrewd intelligent man with a rich fund of native humor and a prime favorite fore and aft. "We've taken the libbaty, sir, ov comin' aft t'ask ye it's yer intenshun ter sail 'thout shippin' any more hands?" was his reply.

"Well, in the first place, Nat," answered the skipper, "there's no hands ter be got here, an' besides, is sech a easy workin ship as this is, there's no hardship in bein' a cupple o' hands short."

"The Lawd forgive ye, sir!" exclaimed Nat, "ef thishyers a heasy workin' ship, what mount ye reckon a hard workin one 'ud' be like? Why, cap'n, it takes two men to haul thro' the slack ov the' braces, an' it's all a man's work to overhaul the gear of a to'gantsle. 'Sides sir, yew know it takes all hands to shorten her down to the taupsles, 'n what we k'n do with her in a squall-well, I hain't fergot thet pleasant evenin' off the Cape, if yew have."

At this vigorous reply the old man could

Stories from the Days of Sail Captains and Mates

By Duncan Wright
Reprinted from *The Mainsail*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA



only laugh to show his appreciation of the home thrusts it contained, but with native shrewdness he changed his base, still preserving his cheery good temper. 'Mind ye, I don't say we ain't shorthanded,' he said, 'and very short handed, but we're gettin out ov the Bay o' Bengal 'fore the souwest monsoon sets in, 'n yew know's well 's me that it's fine weather 'mos' all the way ter the Cape once we cross the line. 'N if we git enny dirt offn the Cape I'll keep her under easy sail, 'n let the 'Gulhas current sweep her roun', 'n then we'll jest be home in no time. Yew leav' it t' me. We hain't been eight months together 'thout knowin' each other, 'n yew all know yew k'n depend on me to do the best I k'n to make ye comfortable. But I can't get any hands in this God forsaken place if we had only two left forward."

That speech settled it, the skipper's frank good humour and acceptance of the situation disarmed the crew, and they returned forward with minds made up to see the voyage out as best they could. Next day we weighed anchor and sailed for London, the windlass revolving to the time-honoured tune of 'Good-bye, fare you well, hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound."

Schooner Industry on a Whaling Cruise: A Song Composed on Board of Her, 1822 Anonymous

"Come all ye noble colored tars
That plough the raging main
Come listen to my story, boys
A thing that is quite strange
It was on the twelfth of May, my boys
Eighteen hundred and twenty-two
A schooner from Nantucket boys
With all a colored crew.

A.F. Boston was commander
And him we will obey
We took our anchor on our bow
Intend to go to sea..."
We sailed away in the whale's way
To Flores and Fayal
Heaving to in a smashing gale
To save our boat and all
In six months' time our work was done

And homeward bound were we
'til we saw Gay Head in the sun

And our island in the sea
We swept into the wharf, my boys
And made her fast
First furled our sails, then cleared our decks
And discharged every cask.
"Here is health to Captain Boston
His officers and crew
And if he gets another craft
To sea with him I'll go."

Captain Absalom Boston was a third generation resident of the free black community on Nantucket. (*Lorin Lee Cary and Francine C. Cary, Absalom F. Boston, His Family, and Nantucket's Black Community*, historic Nantucket (Summer 1977) pp 15-22.) Jeffrey Bolster included a quote from this song in his excellent *Black Jacks African American Seamen in the Age of Sail*. A thank you to the librarian at the Nantucket Historical Association, who sent me a scan of the original document. The version here is abridged. Stanzas not in quotes contain phrases from the original song.)

Mates Two Years Before the Mast, 1840 Richard Henry Dana

With a voice like a young lion, the chief mate of the *Alerte* was "hallooing in all directions, making everything fly, and, at the same time, doing everything well. He was quite a contrast to the worthy, quiet, unobtrusive mate" of our previous ship, "not a more estimable man, perhaps, but a far better mate of a vessel" (and the improvement in the behavior of Captain Thompson "was owing, no doubt, in great measure, to this fact.") "If the chief officer wants force, discipline slackens, everything gets out of joint, and the captain interferes continually; that makes a difficulty between them, which encourages the crew, and the whole ends in a three-sided quarrel..."

Captain Thompson gave his directions to the mate in private, and except in coming to anchor, getting underway, tacking, reefing topsails, and other 'all hands work,' seldom appeared in person. This is the proper state of things; and while this lasts, and there is a good understanding aft, everything will go well.

The Men of the Merchant Service, 1900 Frank Bullen

"We were bound from London to the West Indies, and enjoyed fine weather after entering the tropics, so fine that the old barks might be left to herself except for steering. One morning at eight bells the mate appeared on deck with a radiant face. The forthcoming watch, as they slouched" out of the dark forecabin, tightening their belts or tucking in a shirt, "muttered to one another, 'Looks as if he'd got something extry-special on hand this morning...' But it was only the orthodox growl. They did not look displeased."

The next minute the mate was amongst them, his orders flying like hail, and in half an hour the look of the vessel was entirely changed. He had persuaded the master to allow him to shorten all the standing rigging, which was of rope..." It was a tremendous task, but it was "pure sailorizing, such as a man could take an interest in", and the younger members of the crew saw what they had only heard about: turning in deadeyes, re-bolstering lower rigging, etc. All hands took matters well, influenced by the mate's amazing energy.

"The joy of the mate was something to wonder at. He was untiring. Clad only in a blue shirt, trousers, slippers, and a mangy

old cap, he was ubiquitous; teaching, toiling, superintending... And when at last the day's work was ended, and we boys were putting away tar and grease pots, gathering shakings and sweeping decks, he sat perched upon a hen-coop on the weather side of the poop, smoking in perfect peace, beaming benignantly on all his surroundings..."

Castles in Spain, 1927

John Galsworthy

"It was in March, 1895, that I first met Conrad aboard the English sailing ship *Torrens* in Adelaide harbor. He was superintending the stowage of cargo. Very dark he looked in the burning sunlight-tanned, with a peaked brown beard, almost black hair, and dark brown eyes, over which the lids were deeply folded. He was thin, not tall, his arms very long, his shoulders broad, his

head set rather far forward. He spoke to me with a strong foreign accent...For 56 days I sailed in his company.

The chief mate bears the main burden of a sailing ship. All the first night he was fighting a fire in the hold. None of us seventeen passengers knew of it till long after. It was he who had most truck with the tail of that hurricane off Leuwin, and later with another storm. He was a good seaman, watchful of the weather; quick in handling the ship..."

He was "considerate with apprentices—we had a long unhappy Belgian youth among them, who took unhandily to the sea and dreaded going aloft; Conrad compassionately spared him all he could. With the crew he was popular; they were individuals to him, not a mere gang; and long after he would talk of this or that among them, especially of old Andy, the sailmaker: 'I liked that old fellow, you

know.' "He was a capable navigator. In determining the ship's position, the captain and the mate would assist each other with observations, but work up the results entirely apart.

"I was supposed to be studying navigation for the Admiralty Bar, and every day would assist the five captains." Then, to discover any errors, we would sit on one side of the saloon and "check our results with those of Conrad, who would sit on the other side of the table." He would look at us a little quizzically, for "Conrad had commanded ships, and his subordinate position on the *Torrens* was only due to the fact that he was then still convalescent from the Congo experience which had nearly killed him."

"Many evening watches in fine weather we spent on the poop. Ever the great teller of a tale, he had already nearly twenty years of tales to tell...."

The waves broke with great fury on the shore of Lake Huron and seemed to defy us in loading and embarking. Orders, however, were given to embark. The voyageurs went freely to work as if it had been calm. Two men, as usual, lifted the canoe into the water, taking care, now, to carry it out end foremost. On letting it down into the waves, each left his place at the bow, walking round to opposite sides of the canoe, holding on by the rim when getting nearly opposite each other, they grasped the rim firmly and, aided by a third voyageur who took hold of the stern, kept its head to the breakers.

Thus ready for receiving the load, another got in the canoe to receive the baggage etc, whilst the rest waded out with it, holding the parcels well above their heads to keep them from being reached by the waves. Those men who held the sides of the canoe, although not in more than knee deep water, were obliged to save themselves from being covered with waves and to maintain their hold on the canoe as she mounted over them, to rise with it by

Launching and Landing in Surf *Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes (1827)*

Thomas McKenney



springing up as the swell would strike them and lighting down again in the trough of the sea when it had passed, and yet they were frequently wet up to their necks.

In 15 minutes from the time the canoe was lifted from the beach, the loading was all in. The next difficulty to be overcome was to

save the canoe from being thrown on the beach at the moment the men, who were holding her, should let go to take their places within. Nine men all leaped in from the sides they respectively occupied to join the one already aboard, then all ten "grasped their paddles, holding them in the attitude to give a stroke."

The word was given by the man who was holding onto the stern, and who was the steersman, to the men at the sides, when they sprang in and seized their paddles and, almost in the same moment the word was given to strike, when, as the paddles of these ten men struck the water, the steersman gave the canoe a push directly out and sprang in with the agility of a wire anchor and, standing erect, gave direction to his charge amidst the towering breakers with the same ease and security as if the waves had been composed and at rest. The moment the canoe felt the force of the paddles and moved forward, they struck up one of the chants and were soon beyond the breakers and on a less boisterous sea.





You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Maine's First Ship to Launch

The excitement is building here at Maine's First Ship as we work toward launching *Virginia* on June 4, 2022. This launch is a measure of achievement to date and a chance for new opportunity as we prepare to outfit the ship and build our program offerings.

Maine's First Ship, Bath, ME, mfs1@myfairpoint.net



Information Wanted...

Ninigret Offsets Needed

I need the table of offsets for the Ninigret, the 22' Atkins motor boat. We've built two of the hulls here but the great fire of '10 took the plans away along with the shop and some boats and a bunch of junk. I don't need the plans, just the offsets. Scan them and email them to me.

Dave Lucas, Bradenton, FL, skipjack@tampabay.rr.com

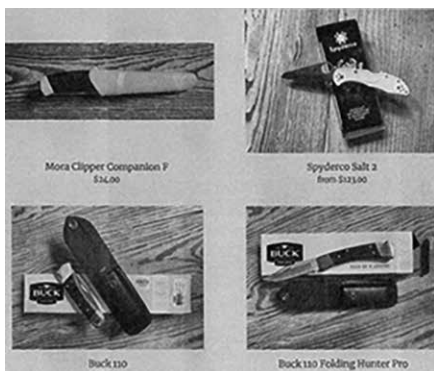


Adventures & Experiences...

Information of Interest...

I read your reprint of "A Boatman's Horn" by Dan Beard in the November/December issue and was struck in the first paragraph by the mention about boys not owning pocket knives. This was written in 1899 and is still applicable today. I sell (try to sell) boat knives on my website and I think this would be a good quote for the Knife Department page, <https://walter-baron.squarespace.com/store?category=Knife+Department>.

Walter Baron, Old Wharf Dory Co, Wellfleet, MA, (508) 349-2383, www.oldwharf.com



It's A Boat Story...

One day early in January a couple of hours before "dark," I had this mission to perform. Both *Miss Kathleen* (awaiting transfer to her new owner's shed after spring break up) and the peripatetic *Lady Bug* had nearly 2' of snow piled up rather threateningly. Or so it looked as I slipslided on past The Slammer on my way to town. Shouldn't take much to get them raked off a bit. Right!

Fortunately, I still had my plowing togs on from working on tractorback much of the day. I was already cold and stiff but this would be "quick." Like I said, "Right!" In the gathering dusk, I wheeled into the access road and discovered the snow was about up to my hubs. Well, shouldn't be a big deal. And through the electric gate I went. The plan was to swing around and back my pickup in next to those towering snow/boat/trailer combinations over in the corner. WHAM!

Really, without warning, I was curling snow up to my hood and came to an ignominious halt. As it turned out, all the 4wd in the world wasn't gonna save the situation. We were high centered and had immediately

burned four little glazed pools. We whuzzint going anyplace. For the next couple of hours it was one of those drain the swamp and alligator things. Carla and JJ, the nice folks who run the Slammer, came out to see what all the ruckus was. They showed up with snow shovels and started getting cold and stiff right along with me. Finally, JJ's big honkin' rig pulled *Big Red* the 12" we needed to escape our self made trap. And then, the most marvelous of things.

He brought out a ladder and together we pulled and shoved and grabbed and dumped and lurched and fell and got back up and slithered around like some uh them Klondike sledders from a Jack London book. *MK* looks pretty good, for the moment. *Lady Bug* is still holding a couple tons off the ground and showing a few dents to the bottom around the trailer rollers (one of the reasons boats like *MK* get long and wide bunks, added by the Frankenwerke, to help distribute such potential loads). Yeah, gotta go back over there. Mebbe after my fingers thaw out a bit.

Dan Rogers, Newton, WA



This Magazine...

You Never Know

I wondered what kind of insect was pictured on page 29 (January/February 2022) until I turned the publication sideways to read the caption. Nicely done.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Longtime Rockport wooden boat builder specializing in Friendship sloops, Ralph Warren Stanley, 92, died unexpectedly December 7, 2021. Ralph attended Ricker Jr College where he obtained an associate degree in business. After college he worked as ship's hand for Captain Neil Peterson on the *Niliraga* owned by Gano Sillick Dunn, and after Mr Dunn's death he became Captain of the *Niliraga* for Mrs Florence Montgomery.

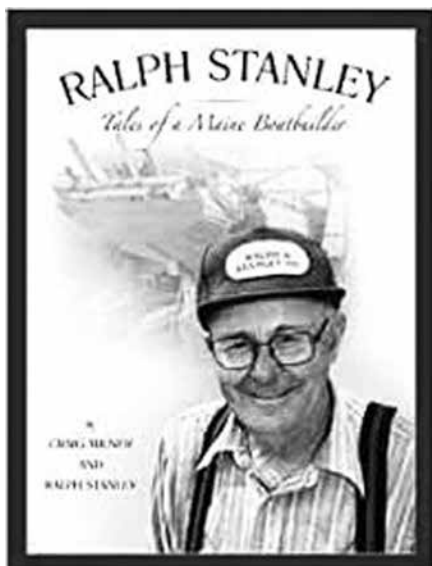
In the winters he built fishing boats for area fishermen. Some of these are still in use. He built his first Friendship Sloop, the *Hieronymus*, for Albert Nielsen in 1961-62. He started his own boat building business, Ralph W Stanley, Inc, in 1973 in Southwest Harbor. Over the years he has over 70 vessels to his credit, some complete builds and some rebuilds.



In 1956, when he married Marion L Lin-scott, they took their honeymoon on the *Niliraga* and settled in Southwest Harbor. They celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary this year.

After his retirement he kept busy researching and tracing genealogy, not just his own but for others as well. He spoke at many historical societies, public libraries, as well as at many maritime museums, as far as Mystic Seaport Museum. One of his favorite pastimes in his middle years was playing in a country band, the Country Strummers. He crafted fiddles and half models for others and for himself.

He found time to write his own books, one being his biography, coauthored with Craig Milner, *Ralph Stanley: Tales of a Maine Boatbuilder* and his latest, *The Stanleys of Cranberry Isles... and other Colorful Characters*, and was working on another at the time of his passing.



Ralph Stanley Has Left Us

Excerpted from Rockport, Maine Obituary



He was an active member of the Maine Maritime Museum, the Mystic Seaport Museum, Penobscot Marine Museum, where he served on the board of directors until his passing. He was an active member of the Friendship Sloop Society for over 55 years, attending many of the yearly sloop races in Southwest Harbor, Friendship and Rockland, Maine.

Ralph spent many an hour sailing the waters off the coast of Maine. When the children were little, taking a family "cruise" on the *Hieronymus* Labor Day weekends to end the summer. Later he would take people for boat rides in the *Seven Girls*, a fishing boat he had built for his father, to the Cranberry Isles or Bakers Island or just up the Sound.

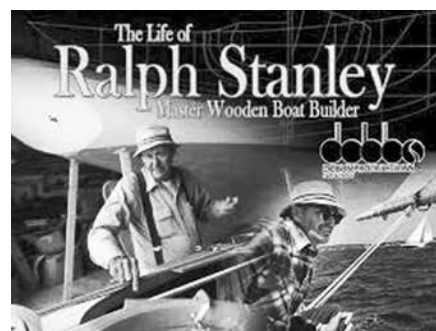


Over the years Ralph has been recognized for his continued lifelong works. In 1990, he was presented the Friendship Sloop Society Bancroft Award for his continued service to the society and its traditions. In 1999, He was named a recipient of the National Endowment for the Arts, receiving a National Heritage Fellowship, Master of Artist, for his contribution to the shaping of our artistic traditions and to preserving the cultural diversity of the United States. In 2002, Governor King made a State of Maine

proclamation, "bestowing upon this honorable son of Maine the honorary title of Shipwright Laureate of Maine, a National Treasure." Governor Baldacci proclaimed June 25, 2004, as Ralph Stanley Day for his "life-long work upholding finest traditions of boat building, Maine coastal culture and economy, a National Heritage Fellowship."

He received the Don Turner Award from the *USS Constitution* Museum in 2013, "recognizing a person or team of people, professional or amateur, who have contributed significantly to efforts to preserve important vessels or who have made a significant contribution to our knowledge and understanding of ship design and construction."

In 2014 he was awarded a ships clock from the Penobscot Marine Museum in recognition of his dedicated service and exemplary leadership. He was given a Lifetime Achievement Award by Husson The Boat School in Eastport, Maine.



Editor Comments: I have listed only Ralph's achievements and services relating to our boating interests, his involvement in family, local, regional statewide and national interests was wide ranging indeed. Ralph was a remarkable man who also happened to be one of us small boat folks.



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According to the US Department of Veterans Affairs, of the 16 million who served in the armed services in World War II, only about 325,000 American veterans were estimated to still be alive as of May 2021. They became known as The Greatest Generation, a term popularized by the title of a 1998 book by American journalist Tom Brokaw. In the book, Brokaw profiled American members of this generation who came of age during the Great Depression and went on to fight in World War II. They included people on the home front, wives, sisters, sons and daughters, farmers and many others who worked tirelessly to support the war effort.

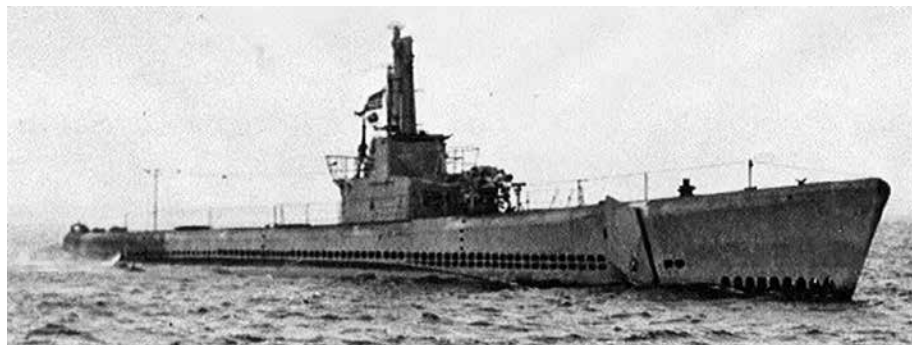
In 1998 *Tidings Magazine* published a story entitled "Four Vets on The Hill" about four veterans of World War II, neighbors, who lived on a hill in Misquamicut, Rhode Island. Sadly, on May 22, 2021, the last of those veterans, Gordon Napier, passed away at the age of 96. During World War II Gordon had served on the *USS Devilfish* (SS-292), which has the distinction of being the only US submarine ever attacked and damaged by a kamikaze. I thought it was a fascinating story and wanted to find out Gordon's version of events.

When I interviewed Gordon in 2019 he told me, "I grew up in Hoboken, New Jersey, and joined the Navy when I was 16 or 17 years old. My love of the water comes from my childhood watching the ships on the Hudson River. Steven's Institute has a castle sitting on a pinnacle overlooking the Hudson River and from there you can see the George Washington Bridge up the river and the Statue of Liberty downriver. I would spend all my time up at that point. I was seeing all these big steam ships going to Europe and all over the world and so at a very early age I identified with the water. I was drafted in Hoboken and went down to the draft board with my mother. They were putting most of the people in the army. I didn't want to go in the army so I volunteered for the navy."

"I got into the navy and went to Newport to boot camp and then to Diesel school at the Navy Pier in Chicago. It was winter and toward the end of school I found myself in the hospital. The Navy Pier was a one mile long pier out into Lake Michigan and it was one hell of a cold place, let me tell you. We all got what they call Catarrhal Fever. When I finished the Diesel course they were looking for volunteers for the submarine service and I wanted to do that and signed up."

After Michigan, Gordon was sent to New London for 16 weeks of training in submarine operations and another eight week course in Diesel engines. From there he went to new construction on the *USS Devilfish* in Philadelphia. Napier spent three years in

The Devilfish.



Last of "The Greatest Generation"



Gordon Napier at West Bakery in Hope Valley, Rhode Island.

the Pacific on board the *Devilfish* and was promoted to machinist mate first class. The *Devilfish* made four war patrols and has the distinction of being the only submarine ever attacked by a kamikaze plane.



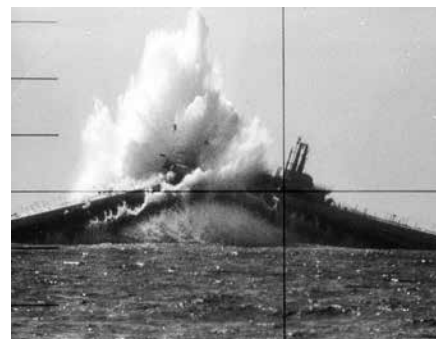
Devilfish back from patrol.



Bridge of the *Devilfish*.

The *USS Devilfish* was a *Balao* Class submarine, 312' in length, 27' beam, with a draft of 17'. There were 120 of these Diesel-electric subs built and they were an improvement over the older *Gato* Class subs. They

displaced 1,800 tons (surfaced) and 2,400 tons (submerged). Top speed surfaced was 20 knots and submerged almost 9. Their range was 20,000 miles and armament consisted of one up to 5" deck gun, a number of anti aircraft weapons and six mounting points for 30 and 50 caliber machine guns. They had six bow and four stern torpedo tubes and their crews consisted of ten officers and 70 enlisted men. After being decommissioned the *Devilfish* was used as a target and sunk by the submarine *USS Wahoo* off San Francisco, California on August 14, 1968, as part of a MK 16 MOD 8 torpedo test in 2000 fathoms of water.



The end of the *Devilfish*.



A young crew in Key West, Gordon on right.

The kamikaze attack happened while the *Devilfish* was commanded by Lieutenant Commander S.S. Mann, Jr. The sub was en route to her patrol area somewhere west of Iwo Jima on the afternoon of March 20, 1945. She was running on the surface and there had been nothing to break the routine until at 1645 the officer of the deck spotted a plane about five miles astern diving out of the clouds.

Napier explains, "When we got hit by the plane I was in the crew's quarters which is the compartment just forward of the forward engine room. I'd just come off watch and I was going to get something to eat. The officer on the bridge, after spotting the plane, sounded the diving alarm and the *Devilfish* pulled the plug and dove. She was descending through 50' when we were hit. There was a noise like a light bomb exploding and the water started pouring in.



The crew struggled to stop the influx of water that rushed into the conning tower and through the hatch into the control room. Electrical circuits were pulled in both places to prevent a fire. Eventually the water was diverted into one of the periscope wells from where it could be pumped overboard."

Even though the immediate danger of sinking was averted the *Devilfish* had suffered considerable damage. The two periscopes were inoperable as was the radar and radio antennas, rendering the sub completely blind. Worried about his crippled boat and more attacks Commander Mann stayed submerged until nightfall.

"After night had fallen the Captain ordered the sub to surface to inspect the damage. We found that both the SD and SJ radar masts were damaged. There was an 8" hole in the after periscope shears and two radio antennas and an underwater loop were destroyed." As Mann and his crew examined the damage a piece of jagged aluminum wreckage was found stuck to the after periscope. Someone picked up a nameplate with Japanese characters inscribed on it. More debris was found on the sub's deck, it looked like part of the landing gear of a plane. Then it hit them, it was a plane that crashed into the conning tower of the *Devilfish*. They didn't know it at the time but later it was determined that the plane that struck them had been a kamikaze.

Kamikazes were part of Japanese Special Attack Units that initiated suicide attacks against Allied Naval vessels in the closing stages of the war. The name kamikaze meant "the divine wind." The name had been given to a typhoon wind that providentially destroyed an invading Mongol fleet in 1281. Kamikazes were loaded with high explosives and then purposely flown into ships blowing themselves and the ship up in the process. About 3,800 kamikaze pilots died during the war and more than 7,000 naval personnel were killed by kamikaze attacks. The *Devilfish* had been very lucky to survive.

Today, 75 years after that attack, Napier recalls that day, "I heard a lot of commotion and knew we had crash dived. Afterward the only people who could go topside were the lookouts and the officer of the deck. The captain didn't want anybody to see how much damage had been done. That's my evaluation. We had lost all of our radar, all of our radio antennas and we couldn't see through

the periscope. We were blind but only partially deaf because our sonars still worked. We waited until dark to come up and then headed to Saipan."

Later, on the basis of the evidence, the *Devilfish* was credited with destroying an enemy plane and members of the crew were awarded the Submarine Combat Insignia. Gordon told me he had been heading to the galley when the plane hit. "That cook made the best cinnamon buns. I still can't get enough of them till this day."

When the war was over Gordon returned to the States on board the *Devilfish* and was discharged. Because there were three million American service men and women who'd served overseas who had to be brought back to the States it was a difficult transition period. Gordon told me, "When I got to the States, I came back to Hoboken thinking I'm a first class honcho now. I'm going to get a good job." The problem was Gordon had not been given a high school diploma for his service.

After two years of working low end jobs he finally got a break. "My aunt, of all people, learned of a college out in Kansas that would take me, Southwestern College in Winfield, Kansas, way out in the boonies, with no water around. God, it was awful from this sailor's point of view, but the people there were great. I spent a year there and then transferred to URI."

Gordon was in his junior year at URI when he met his wife Jean. "We got married and lived in a Quonset hut at the college. I graduated from URI with a major in English and a minor in history." After that Gordon went to work at Electric Boat in Groton, Connecticut, in an engineering job. He was happy to be working on submarines again. After 20 years he went to work at the Bath Iron Works in Maine estimating costs for new ship builds.



Jean Napier after WWII.

Jean and Gordon came back to Rhode Island and built a house in 1960 up on the hill. He worked at URI for almost 20 years doing institutional research before retiring. In his spare time Gordon built quite a few small boats, the last a 26' Bartender. This is when I met him in about 1990. Gordon was an avid fan of *Messing About in Boats* and Rob White in particular.

Many years have passed since the end of World War II and most of the men and women who served are gone. Jean passed away in April of this year and in a familiar pattern of old couples, Gordon soon followed in May. My wife and I count ourselves lucky to have had these wonderful people as our friends.

I couldn't end this story any better than what was written in *Tidings* years ago, "These veterans are enlightened by life, seasoned with wisdom and softened by years. They are the same men and women who in their prime gave their time and talents facing uncertainty, and the unspeakable horrors of war. Propelled by patriotism, duty and camaraderie, they mustered strength and bravery for the sake of our country. The Hill, and indeed the world, is a better place because of them. It may never again see a generation like it."



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Last August Arey's Pond Boat Yard hosted the very first AP 14 Worlds Regatta. The one day event proved to be competitive and fun despite some light and variable air conditions. Thirty-four AP cats, spanning the 52 years of the design's history, sailed a short windward-leeward course with an offset.

The course was ideal with many lead changes and top finishers. Three races were sailed in the morning and two in the afternoon, which made for a full day and lots of anticipation as Hurricane Ida was bearing down on Cape Cod and predicted to land on the East Coast within 48 hours. All of us at Arey's Pond are eagerly anticipating the recognition of our AP 14 cats as a new US Sailing one-design class. Sailors with 14s will be officially included in sailing events all over the country and the world!

On Saturday, August 22, with Hurricane Ida still heading towards New England and expected to make landfall later in the day somewhere between the South Shore of Massachusetts and Long Island, the crew at Arey's Pond and the Orleans Harbor Master concluded, based on the hurricane tracking models, that we would be clear to go ahead with the Gathering as scheduled. We decided to not have the shore side party and awards celebration in order to give people time to prepare. The day was perfect and the high pressure that was pushing the storm south brought us ideal conditions, sunny skies and a consistent and steady breeze not seen in recent Gatherings.

Ten traditional sloops and 74 catboats sailed in the 29th Annual Cat Gathering. As



AP 14 Worlds & Cat Gathering

usual, the course was a port only start with port rounding marks. The start was a close haul through the Narrows, then a broad reach to the first mark, a beat to the second mark, a beam reach to the third mark and a final broad reach/run to the finish line in Big Pleasant Bay.

The first boat to finish did the $3\frac{3}{4}$ nautical mile course in 59 minutes. After that, another 83 boats followed. All of us at Arey's Pond were so grateful for the sailors who supported us in the first ever AP 14 cat regatta and the Cat Gathering despite the impending storm. Proceeds from the Cat Gathering were donated to the Friends of Pleasant Bay and Sipson Island Trust in support of their great work to preserve and protect this amazing place.

Sailors round a mark at the first ever AP 14 Worlds. (Photo by Anita Winstanley Roark)



Cat Gathering participants sail through Little Pleasant Bay. (Photo by Gerald Mulligan)



Cat Mahair (left) and Pandora (right) sail in the Cat Gathering. (Photo by Anita Winstanley Roark)



Award Winning The AP 14 XFC

We're pleased to announce that our AP 14 XFC design has been recognized with two major awards. At the Newport International Boat Show it won the Newport for New Products award for the Best Sailboat under 39'! A few weeks later, at the Annapolis Sailboat Show, we were nominated for *Sail Magazine's* 2022 Best Boats award and we eagerly anticipate the announcement of the winners in the January issue.

**NEWPORT FOR
NEW
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BEST SAILBOAT UNDER 39'**



Boat Building Roundup

Dolphin is a beautiful wooden 29' catboat built by George Huxford in 1893 in Martha's Vineyard. She has been restored many times since then, most recently in the late 1990s. She is a cat with many lives and her next adventure will take her back to the Vineyard as a charter boat with Catboat Charters!



Dolphin, a 29' catboat built by George Huxford in 1893, is at our yard for some restoration work.

Caracal, hull number three, is coming along in our boat building shop. This 19' catboat will be launched in 2022 and will be the first Caracal to have an inboard OceanVolt electric engine.



Caracal hull number three in the boat building shop this past November.

This 22' racing catboat is currently in production at our Orleans, Massachusetts, boat building shop. We're excited to share more about the design soon!



There are three sail plan options for the 22' Racing Catboat. (Illustration by Tony Del Negro)



Torqeedo electric engines on the sterns of many catboats in Arey's Pond.

The Future of Electric Engines!

Imagine this, in the future every boat in Arey's Pond under the displacement of 2,500lbs (which is the majority) will be powered by electric motors. Before too long this will be our reality because electric engines are the future of boating. To meet demand, we are quickly becoming the leading supplier of electric outboards and inboards on Cape Cod.

While the world transitions to electric power, we continue to be our local Tohatsu dealer and service center. This winter we will be repowering multiple boats with 20-90hp engines. If you are interested in a new gas engine, make sure to order it ASAP. We are experiencing multi month delays in order fulfillment from Tohatsu.



The launch of our first boat with an inboard Torqeedo engine. We have installed a handful of other makes of inboard electric engines.

We are a dealer of OceanVolt electric engines and have installed four in AP Lynx catboats. With the upcoming addition of engines in two 19' AP Caracals, we will become the leading OceanVolt US partner with more installs than any other US boat builder.



Inboard electric OceanVolt engine in an AP Open Lynx catboat.

Season's End at Arey's Pond



Carolyn, an Arey's Pond 22' catboat, returns to her mooring in the Oyster River after a December sail.



The Friends of Pleasant Bay is a grass-roots environmental group dedicated to the preservation of one of Cape Cod's most stunning recreational and ecological resources. Since its founding in 1985 the group has been successful in achieving State designation of the Bay as an Area of Critical Environmental Concern and was instrumental in development and State approval of a Resource Management Plan for the Bay.

fopb.wildapricot.org



Inland Paddling

Lake Umbagog

By Tamsin Venn – Photos by David Eden and Tamsin Venn

We arrived at this year's Lake of October, Umbagog, before peak foliage season. The green-tinged ridges around the lake were smudged in orange and red, but the scarlet and yellow flames of maple and birch that line the stony shore had yet to light up this last week in September, possibly because of a warmer than normal summer and early autumn.

As compensation, we had warm air and water temps, very welcome this far north at September's end and a marked contrast to our shivery trip last year.

Um-BAY-gog (an Abenaki word for "clear water" or "shallow water") is just 40 miles south of the Canadian border in Errol, New Hampshire, in the Great North Woods. It's the most downstream of the lakes in the Rangeley chain.

Originally, it was a series of three shallow lakes connected by marshes and swamps, but Errol Dam flooded the area in 1853 to form the lake here today. It is fed by the Magalloway, Rapid and Dead Cambridge Rivers and is the source of the Androscoggin River.

only by boat. (You can park your car at the campground while you are away.) Most of the surrounding acreage beyond the shoreline is held by the US Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS). The area is undeveloped and wildlife abundant.

With a nudge from subscriber Paul Foster-Moore, we all planned to camp at a remote campsite at the lake's north end. His crew wisely bailed when they heard the weather report, heavy rain, and for once the weather authorities were spot on.

Thanks to Foster-Moore, we reserved sites at the north end of the lake (no dogs allowed, other sites do allow dogs). It is about a seven-and-a-half-mile paddle from the main campground.



Our campsite in clement weather, apres cela le deluge.



Top: With the drop in water level, you can imagine what the valley filled by Lake Umbagog looked like before 1853.

Bottom: Great Blue Herons make use of a boulder reef, normally submerged, to eye for prey.

The lake is 10.4 miles long running north to south and 1.9 miles maximum width, with 50 miles of shoreline, an average 15' depth and is mostly surrounded by dense forest, protected by several entities that have sought to convert lumber company tracts into wildlife protection area. Most development is on the lake's southeast shore.

The Umbagog State Park campground provides good access. Located at the southern end, it has 27 campsites with electric, water, and hot showers, plus more than 30 remote campsites and four remote cabins (Ellis Camps) in isolated locations around the lake accessible

You can also reach this area by launching in Errol, New Hampshire, by the dam, paddling the Androscoggin into the lake, cross it, go north and land near the mouth of the Rapid River, which is known for its Class III/IV whitewater. This river flows out of Lower Richardson Lake in the Rangeley Lakes in Maine. We were excited to explore this part of the lake and check out Sunday Cove. But iffy weather kept us anchored at the campground on the south end of the lake just off Route 26.

What a difference a year makes. As opposed to last pandemic fall, the place was hopping. Two White Mountain School groups launched on camping trips to Great Island. How their leaders take a possibly green group of teenagers off into the wilderness deserve a trophy engraved, "Kids, idle without social media on a remote island, four days, wind and rain included." The girls missed most of the bad weather but the boys, starting a couple of days later, set off just before they were deluged by pouring rain.

But what a great experience. I imagine the students returning to Umbagog 20 years from now to paddle and camp, the foundation laid. ("Or never go camping again," grumped David.)

Also, something not evident last fall, the brisk business of campers being ferried out to the remote sites by pontoon boat with gear, firewood and canoes/paddleboards/kayaks, a regular service the campground provides for a fee. Stays are anywhere from two days to two weeks, Clem, the boat driver and general campground factotum, tells us. That allows boaters to get fairly far out to a site and then just paddle around without having to worry about schlepping all their gear.

Hmmm, there is something to this.

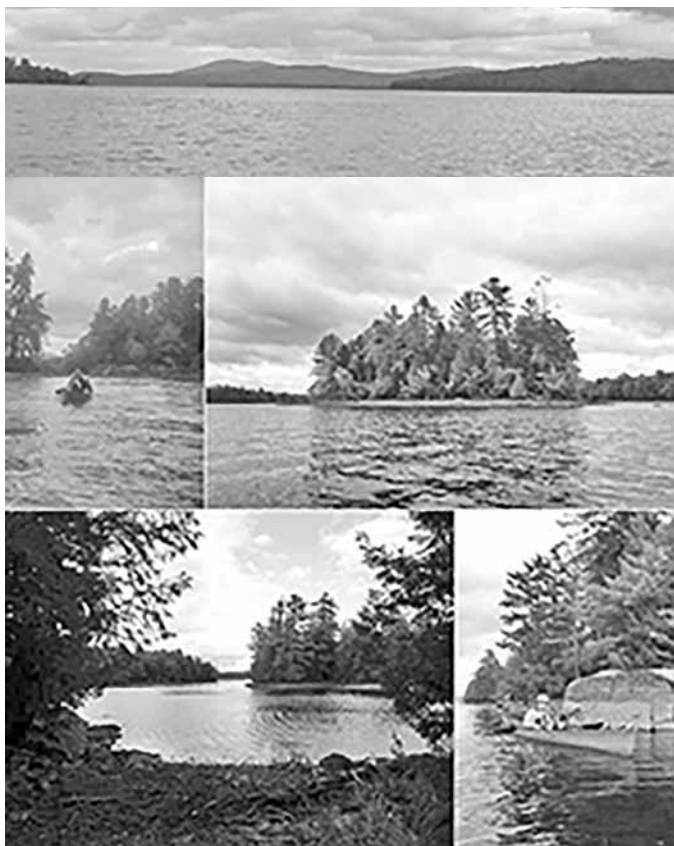


A group of WMS boys paddles out while Clem, the campground factotum, ferries in a party and their canoe from a remote site.

Many other camper/paddlers were hopping in kayaks and canoes and paddling here and there (the campground provides rentals). Also, motor boats launch from here. Non campers can use the nearby public ramp. One excellent narrative about life in the area near the northern end of the lake is Louise Dickinson Rich's autobiographical book *They Took to the Woods* (1942). It is a witty account of the life she led in Forest Lodge, a remote family complex of cabins near Umbagog Lake in the '30s with her fly fishing fanatic (and guide) husband Ralph and young son, Rufus. The book made the best seller list and was selected for the Book of the Month Club and has been in print ever since. It may have appealed originally to an audience trying to make do during the Depression. Her kerosene lamp lit cabin was on the Carry Road along the Rapid River and cutting firewood was a major pastime.

Umbagog sits on the New Hampshire/Maine border and it is very easy to paddle in and out of each state several times over a course of a day. Go for it.

Having abandoned the long distance scramble to the top of the lake, we took to the south section. The lake has several "neighborhoods" worth exploring. The view from the campground is a broad lake stretching northward and intimidating looking if any wind is up, but on further exploration you find it has several areas to explore with islands and nooks and crannies to tuck into and wildlife to observe. Unfortunately, most of these features, including some largish islands, are unnamed so it is hard to describe where you have been. David says he can imagine an old New Hampshire describing an island on Umbagog, "It's thet one, ovah they-ah."



Although the view from the southern shore is of a broadish lake receding into the distance, there are lots of little crinkly bits to explore.

The lake was extremely low in September, down eight feet by one count, due to a leak in the Androscoggin Dam and very low rainfall, according to the staff at the campground. (Despite record rains in southern New Hampshire, the North Country remains locked in a record drought, even after the downpours we were hit with.) My swim from the campground beach was a challenge, the swim area boundary cord lying on shore and slippery rocks of various sizes just beyond.

The pontoon service had been suspended to some sites and the sites closed because of boulders and other hazards exposed by the low water. Clem complained that he had had to take the engines in three times that season because of damage caused by collisions with the bottom. As ever, this is where kayaks come in. No problem landing for us.



The landing at Site #1 on Big Island. Although this site remains open, the shoreline is far bonier than it was last year. This is a good time to break out that aluminum canoe or roto molded kayak for lake camping in northern New Hampshire.

Day 1: Thursday, September 23

We lolled around camp in the morning, rare, rare, rare. We set off early afternoon with an eye on sunset at 6pm. Weather called for south/southeast breeze at 5-10, which meant the breeze would push us north and we would be fighting it on the way back, yup.

We set out from our tent site #41 (me) and beach (David) and headed east and north to a rock strewn shore of dense cedar, birch, pine and hemlock. When you land you have a better sense of the range of textures and smells. We rounded Tidswell Point, which opened up some of the most scenic paddling on the lake, with coves and islands all about. We circled around the Blake Islands (#32 on West Blake, great campsite but no dogs). Millie was getting restive and we paddled over to Bear Island to see if we could let her run a bit there. It's private, so sorry, Millie.



The crossing between Tidswell Point and Big Island. The waves are just starting to build, although the breeze is freshening fast. The clouds rolling in do not bode well for dry paddling tomorrow.

We then headed west across the lake to the north end of Big Island. The wind was getting much stronger and we knew that the west shore of Big Island would be wind protected. We crossed over the northern end, past the Thurston Cove and down the west side of Big. At its southern tip we stopped to check out Site #1, leaving Millie tied in the boat (no dogs on Big Island) and take the last dry photo of the trip.



Site #1 is located at a narrow part of Big Island and you can access the lake from both sides.

We headed southwest at a slight angle back to the western shore, using the strong south wind and resulting waves helping to ferry us as they came from our port bows. As the lake is shallow, long and exposed and surrounded by hills which accelerate the winds, you get a robust fetch. Gusts made it worse, plus Millie, the dog, constantly standing up to check out the waves and acting as a backing sail that pushed me sideways to the wind. The chant of "Millie, sit down!" came periodically from me and David.

We are somewhat underboated in these conditions in our Hornbeck lightweight canoes, even though they are very seaworthy. The ease and light weight (17 and 24 pounds) are always hard to give up, but it would be an iffy crossing fully loaded. Once we reached the point on the northern end of Sargent Cove, I decided to take a less exposed route slightly into the cove, while David, with an extra three feet of boat, opted to bull straight ahead into the wind back to camp.

Distance/Time: 7.5 miles, three hours.

Weather: Partly sunny. Winds south 10mph, rising to 15 with higher gusts.

Stops: Campsite #1 on Big Island.



What a difference a day makes when a cold front rumbles through. (David has not gained 30 lbs, there's a PFD under the poncho.)

Day 2: Friday, September 24

As predicted, the next day poured rain, although no thunderstorms, and we debated whether to take down camp and flee. First, however, we went out for a paddle. It was magical. The warm rain drenched us, the horizon disappeared in a blur, raindrops pocked the lake's still surface, windless and quiet. The only downside was having

to keep bailing. We stopped at the lovely Campsite #6 (two tent platforms, picnic table, firepit), bailed some more and left. We could see very heavy smoke on Big Island, probably the White Mountain School boys trying to maintain a fire in the downpour.



L: Random leaf fall and rain form a still life in the bottom of Tammy's canoe.

R: David pumps out a few gallons of rainwater at Site #6 on the southwest tip of Tidswell Point.

The rain poured, then lightened, then poured, then the sun made a weak try, then the downpour again. It's better to be in, in my opinion, than watching the hourly reports and percentage of chance of rain and wondering whether to go paddling. Just go.

On our return, we were treated to the sight of not one, but four Bald Eagles. Our first sighting was an eagle in the distance crossing the lake. Our next view was much closer and far more interesting: A broad white tail flashing up from a beach on a narrow islet and escaping by flying low through the trees. We rounded the islet and there, on a muddy flat right in front of a house, hopped the same eagle, pecking at (presumably) the fresh water mussels that had been trapped on shore by the receding water. He took off again, stopped for a moment on a high branch to glare at us, then flew away across this larger "island."



L: A haze of water forms on the surface, formed by the upsplashing of millions of pelting raindrops.

R: A relatively narrow barrier of muck prevents a circumnavigation of the unnamed island.

We continued navigating the group of what should have been islands but were now a series of very shallow flats and peninsulas. Our frustration at not getting through was somewhat eased by the sight of two more eagles soaring high, but not far off. We decided to go all around the "island" and touch the narrow bar of muck that blocked us, to check for more bird sightings and so we could claim a circumnavigation. On the way, we passed either side of the islet where we had first seen the eagle. David saw a small group of Least Sandpipers running over a line of fractured rocks on the northern shore of the islet. We joined up again and headed east on the long inlet formed by the sunken bed of the Dead Cambridge River. Running into what should have been a channel, but was now a neck connecting the island and the mainland, we startled a flock of Mergansers, who fled rapidly at our approach. They seemed especially shy, probably because this is hunting country.

As we turned back towards the camp, we caught our favorite bird sighting of the day, an apparent tangle of branchlets on a high pine turned out to be a thoroughly wet eagle sitting high in a dead tree, its wing feathers drooping soaked from the rain, looking like a very ratty national symbol. Was it our mussel eater from the other side? "Nope!" said David. "Let's up our eagle count to four!"

Distance/Time: Six miles, 2.5 hours.

Weather: Heavy rain. Calm to light southeast wind, rising as the cold front passed.

Stops: Campsite #6 on Tidswell Point.

Situated in the southern range of the boreal forests and the northern range of the deciduous forests, Umbagog is a transition zone providing homes to species of both habitats, says the USFWS brochure. Umbagog is an eBird Hotspot (an online citizen scientist site for posting bird sightings). The well-known viewing areas here are the backwaters along the Magalloway and Androscoggin Rivers and in coves and marshes at the lake's north end.

During the course of two days here we saw Bald Eagle, Pileated Woodpecker (more interested in berries than pecking for insects), American Kestrel, Great Blue Heron, Common Loon, Belted Kingfisher, Common Merganser, American Black Duck, Double-crested Cormorant, Black-capped Chickadee, Blue Jay, Least Sandpiper, American Crow and a number of unidentified ducks. We saw no osprey, which are common here, taking advantage of the lake's many fish. They had probably already migrated south. The Bald Eagles stay year round if open water and carrion allow.

One needs to remember that starting in the '40s, no Bald Eagles lived here. They were totally absent in New Hampshire in the 1940s due to DDT but started making a comeback in 1989. "One male, released in New York in 1984, made his way to Umbagog Lake and in 1989 began nesting with a female eagle at Leonard Pond, at the north end of Umbagog Lake. This was the first bald eagle nest discovered in New Hampshire in 40 years, and it was built in the very same tree [white pine] that held the last successful nest in 1949."

Bald Eagles of the Umbagog Area

Kate Maguire 7/1/2001

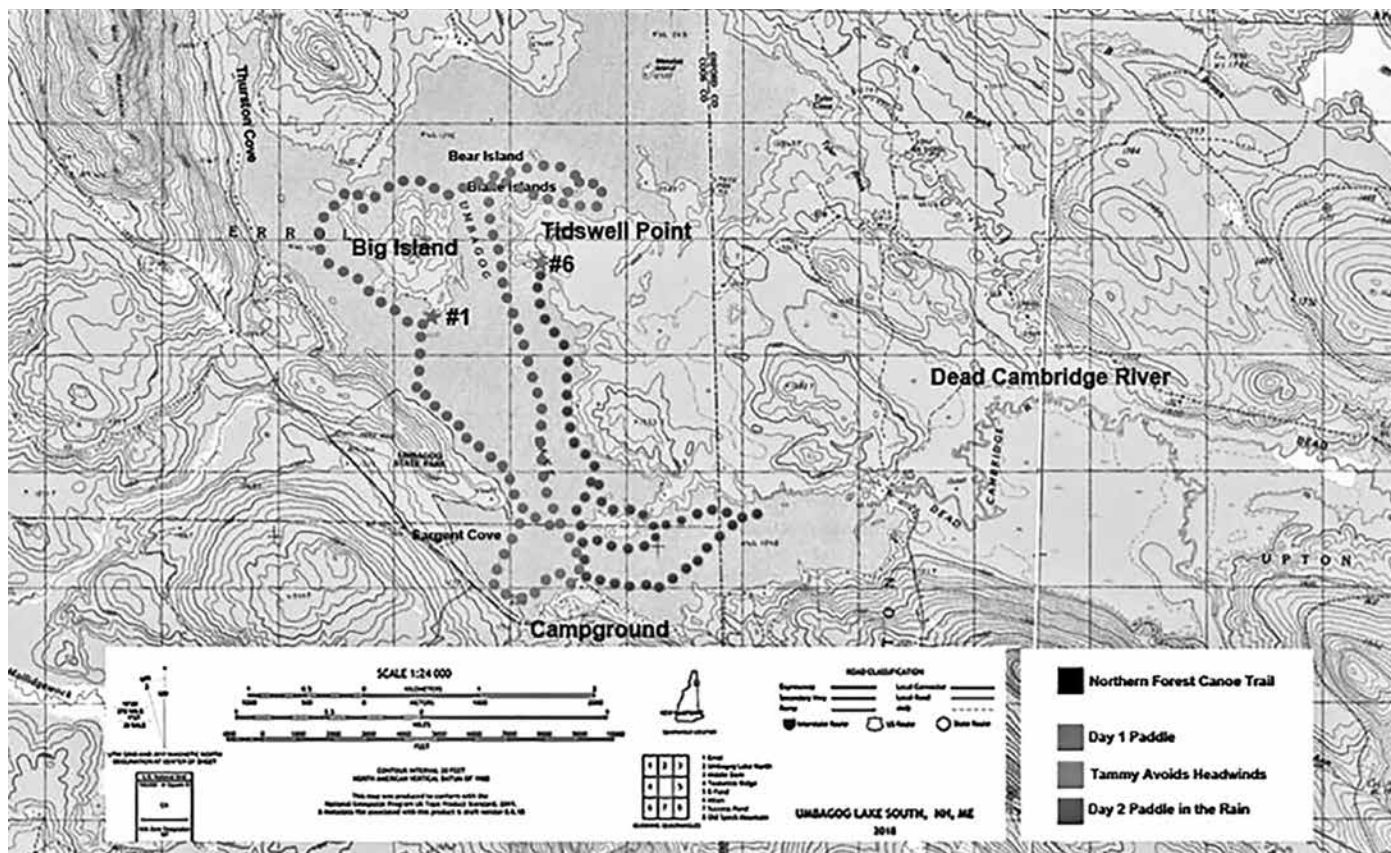
Revised 11/2006

Umbagog National Wildlife Refuge
Northeast Region

Throughout the 1980s Massachusetts and New York released dozens of young transplanted eagles into the wild (Martin, 2001). One male, released in New York in 1984, made his way to Umbagog Lake and in 1989 began nesting with a female eagle at Leonard Pond, at the north end of Umbagog Lake. This was the first bald eagle nest discovered in New Hampshire in 40 years, and it was built in the very same tree that held the last successful nest in 1949.

Initially, the eagles behaved as though they had young and biologists assumed there were one or more chicks in the nest. Then suddenly the behavior of the eagles changed, and it became clear that the chick(s) had not survived. Working quickly, biologists found a captive raised chick to put in the nest. Placing a foster chick into a nest that

A close-up of our trip routes.



already has a chick is not that uncommon. However, placing a foster chick into an empty nest was unusual and we anxiously awaited the results. The experiment worked and the eagles accepted and successfully raised the foster chick. During the next breeding season the adults fledged two young of their own.

The Leonard Pond territory has remained continuously active since 1989. Between 1989 and 2001, the nest produced 16 young (including two foster chicks). The original banded female paired with several different males during that time. The original male of the pair died from suspected lead poisoning in 1994, and the female immediately paired with a second male. That second male disappeared after 1999 and the female paired with a new male. 2001 marks the last year that the original banded female (then 16 years old) was confirmed to have nested at Leonard Pond. In 2002, an unidentified pair of eagles occupied the Leonard Pond territory, but failed to lay any eggs. During 2003 through 2005, a new unbanded pair occupied the territory but failed to successfully hatch any chicks. However, in 2006 the nest was successful and three healthy chicks were fledged.

Since the first eagle pair nested at Leonard Pond in 1989, two other nesting eagle territories have been established in the vicinity of Umbagog Lake. One of these, located east of the lake, has successfully fledged chicks each year since it was first observed in 2000. In 2005 a third eagle territory was established in Sweat Meadow, and in 2007 a nest was discovered in Rapid River.

Note: One may refer to either Lake Umbagog or Umbagog Lake, both placements are correct.

Our two best bird sightings, the Pileated Woodpecker and the bedraggled Bald Eagle.





NORUMBEGA CHAPTER ~ WCHA

the Southern New England Chapter of the
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, Ltd.

Once again we were blessed with excellent weather for the annual Father's Day trip on the Concord and Sudbury Rivers. A change in routing made for easy launching and landing at the Cow Pasture ramp in Concord, avoiding any car shuttle.

Attendees included the Fitzgerald family, John, Maria, Brendan and Sadie, with the 1914 Old Town Ideal and the Bob's Special, the O'Brien's, Greg, Shelly and Finn, in the 1915 Morris 15-footer (Greg and Finn did all the paddling, Shelly got to ride in the middle of the canoe), Stuart Fall in a Kevlar Prospector by Swift, Mit Wanzer in his Bob's Special and your editor in a 13 1/2' foot Northland canoe, a new addition to the fleet.



Here is an odd one, a Muscovy Duck a long way from home. These strange looking ducks are common in Florida, this one must have a story to tell.

Trip leader John Fitzgerald brought the 1914 Old Town Ideal for the trip, he was joined by Maria and Sadie the retriever. Sadie hadn't been canoeing in a while and needed a little bit of retraining to keep the canoe upright. Once we got past a couple of flocks of ducks she settled down and enjoyed the voyage. Brendan Fitzgerald brought the 15' Bob's Special for the day, a perfect solo canoe.



John, Sadie and Maria in the Ideal.



Brendan demonstrating a good J-stroke in the Bob's Special.

Summer Paddling

By Steve

Reprinted from the Norumbega Chapter
WCHA Newsletter
Father's Day on the Concord and Sudbury
Rivers

Not to be outdone, Mit Wanzer brought his Bob's for his solo paddle. Close to home, Mit was very familiar with the river and pointed out some features that we had missed on previous trips on these historic waterways.



Another Bob's Special, this one with Mit Wanzer at the helm.

Stuart Fall arrived with a nice, red Swift 16' Prospector made from some sort of Kevlar material. It looks just like a real Prospector but it weighs a mere 42lbs. A canoe like this would be hard to turn down on a canoe trip with a lot of long portages.



A stable canoe like a Prospector allows one to easily stand while paddling.

The O'Brien's arrived with the 1915 Morris. Greg handled the stern with paddling help from Finn in the bow while Shelly relaxed on a folding seat in the center position.



Northland canoes were made in Huntsville, Ontario from the mid '40s until 1995 when the factory burned down. They were a small builder, making as many as 200 canoes a year in about eight different models. Northlands are rarely seen south of the border, this is only the second one we have seen. It was found in nearby Nashua, New Hampshire.



For a short, stubby little canoe this Northland moves along nicely, however, there is not much room for a second paddler or much gear.



Norumbega Paddlers at the rest stop/turn-around on the Sudbury River. Left to right, John Fitzgerald, Brendan Fitzgerald, Steve Lapey, Maria Fitzgerald, Shelly O'Brien, Mit Wanzer and Finn O'Brien with Sadie the dog. Stuart Fall must have been camera shy and Greg was behind the camera.

The Charles River, July 31

Our meeting place was at the Woerd Street ramp in Waltham, the site of the long ago Arnold Canoe Company. Larry Meyer arrived first with his Old Town Trapper. This reporter and Ed Howard joined forces in the red 16' Prospector, Barry Goldberg and Bunny Goodman in the Chestnut Pal that we read about in the spring newsletter, Eric Slosser paddled his geodesic canoe that we also read about and Chuck Cossaboom in the new to him bright yellow Penn Yan.

Eric's lightweight canoe attracted lots of attention at the launching ramp and at our brief stop at Auburndale Park.

We saw egrets, herons, an osprey, Canada geese and swans along with a bunch of ducks. Amazing how much wildlife there is in such an urban environment.



Eric Slosser in the Arrow 14, a geodesic design from GABoats. See the complete story of this in our Fall 2020 newsletter.



Eric almost had this young onlooker sold on building his own geodesic canoe!



Bunny Goodman and Barry Goldberg in the Chestnut Pal, nicely restored by Barry and his son Aaron.

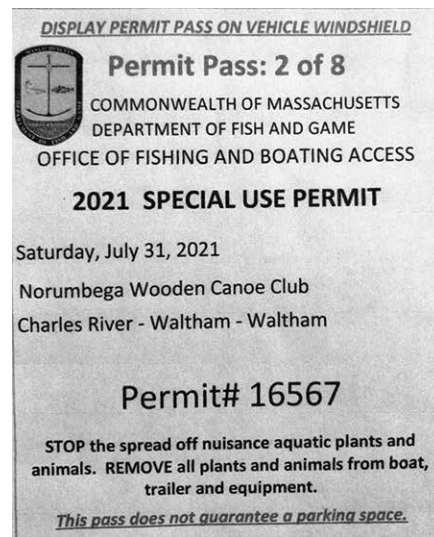
Ed and Steve paddling the Prospector.



Larry Meyer in the Old Town Trapper.

Alert members will remember from our Fall 2019 newsletter we reported on an interesting meeting with a Massachusetts Environmental Police officer at our Father's Day paddle where we were informed that if we ever wanted to use a launching ramp controlled by the Massachusetts Office of Fishing and Boating Access (OFBA) as an organized group we must have a "Special Use Permit" for our activities.

Since the Woerd Street ramp is an OFBA facility we went the extra mile and actually applied for and got a permit to use the ramp. The OFBA issued the permit and provided us with parking passes for up to eight vehicles at no cost. This is the first time Norumbega has had a permit for anything!



Tully Lake, August 14

Rain and possible thundershowers were in the forecast but a few canoeists ventured out to Royalston for another adventure on the East Branch of the Tully River and Long Pond.

Shortly after launching at 9am, we were greeted with a little light rain. It lasted about ten minutes and that was the extent of the rain for the rest of the day. With some cloud cover and almost no wind it made for a pleasant day on the water.

Eric Slosser arrived first with his lightweight geodesic canoe that was written up in the 2020 Fall newsletter. It sure is light! Eric can easily hoist it up one handed.

Eric and the Geodesic canoe on the Tully River.



Greg and Shelly O'Brien brought the 1975 Old Town 50lb special with all the fancy trappings. By the time this canoe was equipped with long decks, rub rails and outside stems it was well past the 50lb mark.



Greg and Shelly enjoying the 50 pounder.



Your reporter showed up with the usual red canoe ready to lead the search for the elusive river outlet into Long Pond. With extremely high water for this time of the year it was the easiest entry to the upper river that we have ever seen.

Once we were on the upper river it continued to be an easy trip, most of the beaver dams were underwater and we were able to paddle right over them. We were almost to the powerline crossing before we came to a beaver dam that was just a little too high for an easy passage so that marked the turnaround point for the day.



Beaver dams on the Tully were for the most part flooded out, making for easy passage.

Returning to Long Pond we were joined by Alan Doty who arrived late with his Bear Mountain strip canoe. Alan met us at our lunch site, the point at the south end of the pond where we spent a pleasant hour having lunch and discussing wooden canoes and other subjects. Also, from this point we were able to watch as several groups of kayakers passed by. We did see one other canoe on today's trip.

Alan and the Bear Mountain strip canoe on Long Pond.





Delaware River Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association

This article is the sixth in a series recounting *Tidings'* 2019 cruise. 2019 was the second summer of my continuing adventure to circumnavigate the "Lower 48" of the United States in a 19' Cornish Shrimper named *Tidings*. The plan was to do the circumnavigation over a period of five to six years, leaving the boat where she ends up when the warm weather stops each year.

The trip began at Kent Island, Maryland, in May of 2018 and ended Season One in August in Rockland, Maine. Season Two began in June 2019 with a shakedown cruise in upstate New York on Canandaigua Lake and continued with cruises in Lake Champlain, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. *Tidings* and I traveled several thousand miles by road and a few hundred by water. I hope you will enjoy the stories.

I am writing this story in December 2021, relying on notes from my logbook. My memory of the Lake Superior trip is that it was a voyage of dashed expectations. We drove and drove and drove, entering Canada at Sault Saint Marie and following the perimeter of the lake by road counter clockwise until our final launch site at the Apostles National Lake Shore in Bayfield, Wisconsin. But we didn't get to do much sailing.

On July 24, at the end of my Lake Huron cruise, I had left *Tidings* in Petoskey, Michigan, with my friend Steve while I drove home for a short break. The plan was to return in two weeks to begin a tour around the perimeter of Lake Superior, stopping to launch and sail at selected safe and interesting places. Well, you all know how it goes with plans, right? For reasons that now escape me, I didn't get back to Petoskey until August 21. This proved to be problematic from a weather perspective because summer was pretty much over by the time we began the Lake Superior trip.

My companion for the voyage was Mike Wick once again. Mike and I became acquaintances sometime around 2005. We met at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival and crossed paths a few times each year at various sailing venues. In the winter of 2009 Mike called me and suggested that he and I and my dog, Jack Tar, should take my truck and catboat to Cortez, Florida, to participate in the now defunct Great Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival. It seemed like a good idea to me so the three of us made the trip.

Travel together is a great way to test compatibility. We were still enjoying each other's company at the end of that trip after driving 2,000 miles, sailing together for a week and sharing a tent. Honestly, I think Mike liked Jack better than me but there's no shame in that. Since that time Mike and I have had multiple adventures sailing and camping up and down the East Coast. I count myself lucky to have Mike as a friend and

Tidings' Great Adventure

Season One, Part Six Lake Superior

By Doug Oeller

Background

mentor and was pleased to have him along for the Lake Superior trip.

I met Mike at his home in Concord, Massachusetts, on August 19. We left the next morning. Some time that morning, as we drove north and west, I began to wonder whether I had packed my passport. Given that half of our cruise was to be in Canada, this was not an idle question. When we stopped for lunch, I checked my luggage and determined that the passport was safe at home in Maryland.

After some self directed and appropriately strong language, I telephoned my wife to ask if she would kindly mail the passport by overnight delivery to Petoskey. Her response was something like, "Wow! This is a lot like the time you and Mike drove to Florida and you forget the tiller for your catboat." That cheered me up immensely.

We continued onward, arriving in Petoskey that evening. The US Postal Service had guaranteed delivery by 3 o'clock the next day so we spent the night at a local hotel and did some sightseeing. The next morning we launched *Tidings* for a short sail in Bay Harbor off Little Traverse Bay. We put her back on the trailer in the early afternoon and drove back to Petoskey to pick up the passport. Alas, there must be some fine print associated with the next day guarantee. The mailman came and went. The passport did not arrive.

That was the bad news. The good news was that Steve's neighbor, also named Mike, is an avid sailor. He came over to inspect *Tidings*, asked a lot of questions and insisted that Mike and I stay the night in his guest

room while waiting for the pesky passport to arrive. We spent a pleasant evening sharing a meal, a few beers and many stories. The next morning, August 23, Steve drove to the post office at dawn, somehow got my package before it was loaded up for delivery and brought it to me at Mike's house. Huzzah! We were off to Canada.

As usual, the Canadian Customs staff were courteous and efficient. They welcomed us as tourists and wished us a pleasant holiday. We headed west on Highway 17, the Trans-Canada Highway, stopping that night to camp in Pukaskwa National Park near the shore of the lake. My logbook indicates that we grilled steak over a campfire and had a pleasant evening. I remember being struck by how few towns there were along the route and hoping that *Tidings'* trailer held up for this journey. We saw many road signs warning of moose crossings and hoped to see a few moose in person. But the closest we got was a photo op with a stuffed specimen in front of a roadside souvenir store near the national park.



The morning of August 24 we drove to the town of Marathon, had breakfast in a local hot spot and found our way to a launch ramp. The sign at the ramp warned that it is dangerous to go boating in Lake Superior and we really should think twice about this whole

The Lake is the Boss

Nature dictates where and when travel is possible on the lake. Weather conditions can change rapidly and force boaters and paddlers to alter their plans. Strong winds create immense waves...fog appears without warning. Keep an eye on the weather and monitor the marine weather forecast. Stay on shore when the "boss" is angry.

idea. OK, I may be paraphrasing, but that was indeed the message. To strengthen that, a local family stopped by for a chat. They were boaters and they warned that, although it looked nice and calm now, by the afternoon it would be far too dangerous in Marathon Harbor to sail a small boat. My first thought was that they might be underestimating *Tidings*. My second thought was I really didn't care to test that theory. So we continued driving west until we reached Terrace Bay.

There is a launch ramp at Terrace Bay that provides a good jumping off point to reach the Slate Islands, which are about eight miles out from the shore. The Slate Islands are a small archipelago consisting of 15 islands. They are part of the Ontario Parks system. Here's the description from the park's website:

"This group of rugged islands is one of the places where woodland caribou still roam. The islands are also home to beaver, hare, fox and various shorebirds. Remnants of two native settlements, as well as a former timber operation, are located here. The islands are covered with a southern boreal forest with some arctic alpine flora. For the most part, the rock is early Precambrian of volcanic and sedimentary origin. There has been speculation that the central islands are the remains of an ancient meteorite. There are no visitor facilities." These islands are home to Ontario's largest herd of boreal woodland caribou. Now who wouldn't want to go there for a visit?

It was early afternoon when we arrived at the ramp. The weather was glorious with warm, sunny skies and a moderate breeze. I rigged *Tidings* and prepared to launch. But I was haunted by the morning's conversation and the warnings on the sign next to the ramp. This ramp had a similar sign. I am paraphrasing again, but I think it said, "Don't do it. You'll most likely die!"

There was a couple with two young children in a small aluminum outboard skiff at the ramp. I walked over and asked the man if he thought it was safe to launch and sail out to the islands. He replied that we could see the islands, right there, and the conditions looked pretty good, right now, so why not? These Canadians are hardy people, I thought. Willing to risk death for a family picnic.

Eventually, common sense kicked in, we launched *Tidings* and we had an uneventful sail out to the islands. We entered a marvelous place of unspoiled beauty. These are rugged, rocky islands with pristine wild forests unlike any place I'd ever been. It was like Maine, only wilder. We found a protected anchorage and settled in for a peaceful evening serenaded by a family of loons. There were no other boats in the cove. Just us and the wildlife.

On the morning of August 25 we awoke to sunny skies and a chilly day. The wind was light. We had my Nutshell Pram, *P.S.*, towing astern and decided to row ashore in search of the famous woodland caribou. We found a place to beach the boat along the rocky shore. One nice thing about lake sailing is that we don't need to worry about tides when beaching our boat or dinghy. We tied *P.S.* to a stump and followed a walking path to a campsite that had a small cabin.

The site was vacant with no sign of recent human visits. There were caribou tracks and droppings evident. We found caribou hair clinging to some of the bushes. We continued the walk until the path meandered



back to the shore. But the wily creatures were nowhere to be seen.

After the walk we returned to *Tidings* and spent a few hours motoring among the islands. We saw eagles, loons and scap but no caribou. In fact, the only mammal we saw during our Slate Island visits was a solo kayaker who paddled by us but did not stop to visit. In the early afternoon we decided to take advantage of the good weather to sail back to the launch ramp.

The next destination on our itinerary was the town of Thunder Bay, Ontario. It was too late in the day to drive that far so we decided to back track to the town of Marathon, where we had noticed a roadside emporium that included a gas station, motel and restaurant. The food was diner cuisine and not bad. But the accommodations were (how can I say this politely?) rustic.

We had turned in for the night when there came a loud pounding at the door and a voice shouting, "Police! Open up!" Well, that was unexpected. We climbed out of our respective beds, clad only in boxer shorts, and I opened the door to be confronted by two police officers, dressed in full battle gear, shining flashlights into the room. I turned the light on, stepped aside and invited them in. I remember noticing that, in addition to armored vests, pistols, pepper spray, radios, and handcuff holsters, both men wore blue rubber exam gloves (normal police equipment – Ed).

One of the officers told us that they were responding to a report of a woman screaming in one of the rooms. I assured them that we were just harmless tourists. They were welcome to check the bathroom and closet. There were no women with us. And we had not heard any screaming. They declined to enter the room, wished us good night and left. What a night!

We awoke the morning of August 26 to more sunshine but the weather forecast for the Thunder Bay area suggested that it would be too windy to safely sail *Tidings* there. The wind was to be southerly and strong for the next couple of days. We consulted our map and noticed that Lake Nipigon was along our route to Thunder Bay and only about 50 miles north of Highway 17. We reasoned that there would be shelter from the southerlies if we stayed close to the shore. And we had read good things about camp cruising in the lake. So off we went.

It was a long 50 miles with many stops to accommodate road paving operations. But we were in no hurry. It was very pleasant to motor along enjoying the scenery. We selected High Hill Marina as our launch point because it sits in a well protected harbor. The plan was to sleep aboard *Tidings* at the dock if it was too windy to sail out in the lake.

Access to the marina required driving several miles through dense forest down a very narrow unpaved road. We began to have grave doubts about the reliability of Google Maps. But it was too narrow to turn around. Nothing to do but keep going until the place finally came into view. We launched *Tidings*, made our way out of the harbor and enjoyed an afternoon of sailing in blustery winds and sunshine with a single reef in the mainsail.

The only other boaters we saw were fishermen. When the sun began to set, we found a protected area near a beach and anchored for the night. The next morning we sailed back to the ramp, put *Tidings* on her trailer and drove to Thunder Bay where we agreed to pay whatever it would cost to stay in a nice safe hotel.

It was raining and still very windy in Thunder Bay the morning of August 27. We drove down to the launch ramp, took a quick look and decided that it was a good day to stay ashore. Mike mentioned that he didn't feel well. Mike never complains, so I insisted that he should get a medical exam.

Because we were uncertain about his insurance coverage as an American patient in Canada, we drove about 60 miles to the town of Grand Marais, Minnesota. Mike got his checkup, filled a prescription and we spent the rest of the day being tourists in Grand Marais. It is a lovely little resort town with two natural harbors separated by a sandbar. Most of tourists were absent due to the rainy weather. But we enjoyed a walk around the town and harbors and some fish and chips at a waterside café. It was a good way to spend a rainy afternoon. The lake was rough. I was happy to be safe ashore. We decided to stay in a local motel for the night and head back to Thunder Bay the next morning.

My plan had been to launch at Thunder Bay, spend a day or two sailing there, then tow *Tidings* to Grand Portage from where we would sail out to Isle Royale National Park. But it didn't work out that way. The bad weather persisted. And the check engine light came on in my Ford F-150 truck. The nearest Ford dealer was in Two Harbors, which was another 80 miles south.

The only good news was that Mike was feeling much better. We discussed the situation over breakfast and decided that the best plan was to keep going south and get the truck fixed. To be honest, we were both having second thoughts about sailing *Tidings* out to Isle Royale after seeing first hand what Lake Superior looks like when the waves kick up and hearing from locals how quickly that can happen. It is a 40-mile trip with nowhere to duck in for shelter. In *Tidings*, the trip would take eight hours motoring and longer under sail. I think it's a trip best reserved for a bigger or faster boat.

The Ford dealer got the check engine message to go away but was not able to diagnose a problem. We continued south, passed through Duluth and made our way to Bayfield, Wisconsin, the gateway to the Apostle Islands National Park. We spent the night in the nearby town of Washburn and, on the morning of August 30, launched *Tidings* in Bayfield for what was intended to be a leisurely cruise among the islands.

But once again fate intervened with our plan. Mike got a call from home telling him that his house in New Jersey, which had been listed for sale for months, had a contract. It would be a good idea if he could return sooner rather than later to attend to this busi-

ness. Using the wonders of wifi and his iPad, Mike was able to sign the contract and eke out a few more days of sailing.

Those were the best days of the trip. We had good weather and the scenery was beautiful. We went where the wind took us and found quiet protected anchorages each night. One day we tied up to the dock on Stockton Island and took a two mile hike on the Julian Bay trail. Our last day on the water was Labor Day, September 2. We put *Tidings* back on her trailer, spent that night in Bayfield at the home of a new friend we had made at one of our stops in Canada, and drove to Green Bay the next morning to drop *Tidings* off at a marina for indoor winter storage.

The plan was to continue the Great Adventure by towing *Tidings* to Seattle in the spring of 2020. But you all know what transpired during 2020. For many of us life changed forever. I am grateful that my loved ones have weathered the covid storm thus far. *Tidings* spent two winters in storage. I retrieved her in the spring of 2021, retired from my consulting business and took her to Maine where I spent the summer living aboard and cruising out of Rockland Harbor.

I now plan to resume the Great Adventure in June of 2022, heading to Seattle driving a Chevy truck and towing *Tidings* on a new trailer. I hope you have enjoyed reading these stories as much as I have enjoyed writing them. If *Tidings* and I make it to the west coast, there will be more to come.

I Have a Boat Problem

By Kevin Brennan

In the fall of 1992 Bill Doyle and I started the Upper Chesapeake Baymen Chapter of the TSCA. Bill's cousin Gene was starting up the Baltimore County Sailing Center and trying to secure an old dance hall building that was right on the Bay and a part of the Rocky Point Park owned by Baltimore County. In order for Gene to get the green light from the County he needed a plan that showed that the building would be used year round. The plan was hatched that Bill and I would facilitate a boat building program in the fall and winter and the Sailing Center would teach sailing spring and summer and so we did.

The first season is when I moved my then under construction crabbing skiff *Cinnamon Girl* to finish it out over the winter. We got some funding from the Sailing Center to buy some plywood to build two George Bueller designed "Uncle Gabe" skiffs that would be used as chase boats for the Sailing Center. We did this for three seasons before the County decided to raze the building. It was a fun time.

The program was held on Wednesday evenings and Saturday mornings and drew a pretty good amount of attention. The building had no running water or heat and that first winter was so cold that this portion of the Chesapeake Bay froze. Coming out on one particularly frigid Wednesday I distinctly remember looking up at a clear and moonless night and hearing the ice cracking and booming with the tide.

Anyway, one of the guys who started hanging around was an old guy (to me anyway) named Ed Gera. Ed took a couple of old donated outboard motors home and got them running for the cause. One Saturday he showed up with a large radio controlled home built skipjack model. I was enthralled.

The skipjack was named *Emily* and had the coolest homemade sail control, not a servo like we would see today. I took a couple of photographs of it with the idea that one day I would make something like this.

Fast forward to roughly 2005. Through an advertisement somewhere I learned of a guy not too far from where I lived who was liquidating a large model collection, and by large I mean LARGE. From boats, large and small to aircraft. One particular boat was a large radio control sailing yacht that needed some love. It had been built by Ed Gera in the '70s and had one of those homemade sail controls. I bought it, fixed it up kept it for a few years, sold it to Pete Peters, bought it back a few years later, tore off the plywood deck and put a laid deck on it, kept it for a

few years and sold it to Paul Skalka.

So last week I made the fatal mistake of looking to see what boats were up for sale on Marketplace and what did I see but *Emily*, 29 years later. The guy who had it knew very little about it and was saving it from the dumpster. A little research shows that this is a one design class called the Skipjack 48 (for inches on deck). There is an active fleet in Solomons (with George Surgent) and I believe in St Michaels and Annapolis.

Sooooooooooooo, I have another toy. It needs sails, radio equipment and a servo for steering which I already have from my airplane stuff. This is too nice to not take on and bring back at minimal expense and maybe have a little fun with along the way.



Painting by Carl Weissinger



Mystic, Connecticut, 2021



Meandering the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

She's on to Me

The other night lying in bed, snuggling, Linda says out of the blue, "I bet you've had 30 boats since we've been married!"

Gulp! What's going on? I'm thinking.

"No," she adds, "I think it's closer to 60." Said so matter of fact like.

Double gulp! Still in the dark, both laying there with lights out and not knowing just where this interesting conversation is going. Figuring the jig is up, I tell her I've got a record of all the boats that have come and gone over the years.

"How is that possible?" she asked, "There's too many to remember."

"Oh, I started writing them down about 12 years ago," I told her. And for some reason that ended that conversation and, as you can tell, the water never even got warm, much less to a boiling point. I must admit and thank the good Lord for such an understanding and loving wife, letting me carry on as I do. For a number of years it was buying and flipping houses. Concerning houses she once said, "I wouldn't like to move every two years." The first several years we didn't, we moved every 18 months.

The boats that came and went, even when flipping houses, found themselves being categorized into three groups. First and second were the sailed and never sailed. The sailed I took out sailing at least once. The never sailed were just that. They came and went without ever getting their bottoms wet.

Some of these were fixers, some even brought in a few bucks from time to time. These boats all had one thing in common, they were hungry and would eat a fellow out of house and home. Thus the necessity of flipping houses.

The third group might be divided into two subgroups, keepers and favorites. There are two in the stable that have been around, one for 12 years, the other for seven years. They both tried to leave but I'm pretty sure they are home for good. Another is vying for third at five years.

Here, on coastal Texas, the three keepers fit the local waters very nicely. Shallow draft, strong, good sailers and they don't complain too much when rubbing an oyster reef, concrete bulkheads and creosote cover piles. These three small craft of mine might be considered skiffs for the many shrimpers plying the coast here. They'd look just right hanging in davits off their sterns if the shrimpers did such a thing, which they don't.

Another favorite of mine that I just can't justify having around is an old 27' Albin Vega. I've owned several other sailboats about the same size. My fancy stays with the Vega. A very sweet sailor, sails like a dinghy. If...

Linda fell asleep before the fateful question was asked, and I'm sure as hell ain't gonna remind her.

Moving Shop I

More than a month since last out. What have I been doing? Oh, moving shop. Close to done. Today was the *Fox*, new mainsail, used jib from a *Snipe*, the hanks were Velcro, most unusual. Coming back in I raised the jib because the wind was dropping. 14 SSE, gusts to 22 at first, I was wondering about them Velcro hanks when pow, they all let go and I was now flying a jib. The *Fox* seemed to like it. An O'Day Javelin I call the *Fox*, after the designer, Uffa Fox.

Pulling the boat off the trailer at the ramp, the bow line let go and down I went, the right wrist took the brunt of it. Now it's starting to yell at me. Looks like a couple days off, bummer.

Started the day with breakfast tacos with a friend over in Ingleside, I think he's pushing 84 or 85. Still loaded with good ideas, always a pleasure talking to him. He's selling his Drascombe 19'. Very good shape, well taken care of. If you're interested, let me know, I'll see he gets the info. Trailer 'n outboard as well.

I left him at his house, did a bit of work on the shop move then went for a sail. Too bad about this wrist, oh well.

December's End Sailing

S wind 10-15 gusts to 23, *Red Top* left dock with first reef in. Out onto Aransas Bay, not too many whitecaps, not too wet either. Decided to go up to first house cut between Tally and Trayler.

Coming from the cut is a small sailboat with his first reef pulled down. It was Chris, last name I don't remember. He used to sail a Flying Scott, very fast boat. First met him while I still had a Paradox. Well, he went and built a Mayfly 14 and did a real nice job of it. Sold that Scott he had for over 20 years. He likes the Mayfly, he likes sailing the shallows. He continued on north back to Cove Harbour.

I continued on through the cut, getting bottomed out on the sand. Off with the pants, water was kinda cool. Had to wiggle *Red Top* back 'n forth and soon enough I was back aboard going through the cut. Passing a lone fisherman he says, "Works better in deeper water!" "Ha! Sometimes," I said, "Sometimes."

Getting back onto the ICW, I see Chris coming back out. We meet in front of the derick construction and we both go south side by side, easy sailing, shooting the breeze. A nice visit there on the water, nice sail. He's added a nice touch to his aft locker lid, putting a nice arch to it.

Nice time on the water.

Moving Shop II

I've been moving shop. We sold the rental house October 1 of last year and in the real estate contract with the buyers we agreed upon, I had given myself three months to accomplish this task. I had four boats and a canoe to rid myself of while moving the inside contents of the 12'x16' shed I had been using for a shop. The move went smoothly, I even sailed several different times.

A 21' cabin sailboat went to a fellow who had purchased another from me before Hurricane Harvey blew through here. The canoe went to the neighbor across the street. The stretched Puddle Duck Racer was set out by the curb and was gone within three hours. The CL16 found a new home at the transfer station in bite size bits.

That left the two Widgeons, both heavily remodeled. The first to go was the sectional, two piece (nesting). I had advertised these for sale cheap, no takers. The first one I cut up and off it went to join the CL16. I decided to keep *Red Top*, the Lehman 12 and the *Fox* designed by Uffa Fox for the O'Day Corporation. I was thinking about limiting myself to just those at their new home base, keeping room for another new build if I so desired. Still not making a final decision on the second Widgeon, just yet anyway.

The end of December another Javelin came available up the coast in Port Lavaca. I turned this Javelin down two years ago so off I went and Javelin #2 is sitting in my side yard. I know, I know, hopeless. Well, this second Javelin sealed the fate on the second Widgeon. I winched it up into the truck bed after cutting off its transom about 3' forward, threw it into the front part and hauled it to the transfer station as well. I'd given Roger the mast, boom, rigging and I think sails already, so those being gone helped with the final deal today.

At the dump (transfer station) here in Rockport, the truck or trailer is backed up a very wide ramp where the 40' trash containers sit along the edge and are filled with anything and everything. Even old boats. After sliding off the smaller part and fighting with the larger section a fellow walked over to lend a hand. Together we slid it out the back of the truck. He comments, "Looks like it was a good boat in its day."

"Yes," I replied, "in its day."

The shop is empty, the yard cleaned up, grass mowed one more time and I am finished with the move. Don't go figuring and counting.



Cruising Maine's Non-navigable Waters

I'm about to expose one of Maine's best kept secrets. A googol of words has flooded the topic of Maine's navigable waterways, but hardly a syllable has addressed the non-navigable waters. Forget about gunkholing in Penobscot Bay or crashing down the rapids of the West Branch. If you like uncrowded, even undiscovered, places, and you want to really challenge your small boating skills, then wait for a week of heavy rain, pack up your canoe, and head for the smallest backyard brook you can find. This is the tale of just one of Maine's tributaries less travelled upon.

Brox Brook begins and ends within a four mile stretch of woods along River Road in Woolwich, named, of course, not after the humble Brox Brook but for the mighty Kennebec into which it flows. My wife Allison and I are blessed with having part of it meander through the back corner of our wooded lot. We are also blessed with our friend, Rob, who has an unusual commitment to exploring the wonders of other people's backyards.

Rob owns an aluminum canoe. His affection for this canoe is so great and his faith in it is so real that no one dares to tell him that it's not really a 4-wheel drive toboggan, surf boat, and sea plane all wrapped up into one. The trash can sound of aluminum grating on rock is to Rob the sound of discovery. "Aluminum, I love it!" he shouts as he drags his canoe screeching down some rocky embankment to an impossible launch. If there's water at the bottom of the bank, fine. If not, Rob can cruise all day on heavy dew or wet moss.

In this age when men are shaking moondust off their boots and taking snapshots of Saturn's rings, Rob's compass is set on the familiar, on all those brambled up backyard brooks that Columbus, Cook, Peary and Livingstone failed to note in their journals. Brox Brook was a prime candidate for discovery, virgin water. There was a good chance that even the Indians had left this modest waterway to the beavers and dragonflies.

By the time we finally slipped Rob's canoe into Brox Brook, I had

almost convinced myself that Rob might be on to something, that all sorts of small wonders might await us along the Brox's short journey to the Kennebec. Anyway, what did we have to lose but an hour, two hours tops, of this cold November afternoon.

The brook was as big as it ever has been, in certain spots over six feet across. For a brief moment I had a feeling of farsightedness, of having made the right decision. Here we were, paddling on the same brook that was little more than a damp smudge the day we bought the property.

Allison had been skeptical when I first sent pictures of our paradise-to-be back to our native Philadelphia. What to me was a wildlife refuge was to her just a bog with a lot of old dead trees. Even Allison's apprehensions about this adventure began to evaporate as we paddled effortlessly toward what had always been the horizon of Brox Brook to us, the old Cross Town Jeep Trail. An easy drop over this minor obstacle and we were on our way to discovering Brox's secrets.

About one hour and 300 yards later, it became apparent that we could have lightened our load a few pounds by leaving our paddles at home. Unlike it's bigger brother, the Kennebec, the Brox was under no obligation to get bigger or more navigable downstream. It was full of the virtues of youth, a boundless curiosity that made it search out the thickest and remotest tangles of wood, and an almost hopelessly democratic spirit that made it share what little water it had with every low-lying piece of swampy ground in its path. An inch of water around this log and another around that rock, but never would it give in to the prejudice of a single navigable channel.

Rob was beside himself with joy. Never had he confronted such unnavigable waters. He has canoed on hayfields with more water than this. Wasn't this fun? And there was the growing possibility that's the ultimate prize of every afternoon adventurer, that indeed we might be getting lost.

We measured our progress not by paddle strokes but by branch

pulls and rock pushes. All three of us, in a kind of wet limbo dance, tugged and ducked our way into an ever-thickening bog of branches and vines. Rob, who was in the bow, would be the first to encounter each new obstacle and, depending on its nature, would either push it down into the muck, break it off with his hands, or duck under and pass it back to us. More often than not, he would be passing things back, wet things and pointed things, things that ripped our hats off and grabbed our shirt collars, things that got caught between our teeth and tried to shisk-abob our eyes.

After our second hour of travel I revised my opinion about the paddles. It was not so much they as the canoe that was the extraneous item for this trip. The paddles were handy as make-shift walking sticks for balancing oneself on fist-sized islands of swamp grass while at the same time pulling the canoe through a tangle of underbrush. Or, they served equally as well as pry bars when the canoe got sucked into some sink-hole of muck or became pinched between two logs on one of the countless beaver dams.

The beavers on Brox Brook put the most ruthless condo developers to shame. A brook, in a beaver's mind, exists only to be dammed and re-dammed. No chewable tree is spared in their effort to jam and alter a stream's natural flow. A small stream has enough trouble on its own deciding where to flow, but with the aid of the beaver, it becomes positively schizophrenic, a topological nightmare that resembles the nervous system of a man about to pass a kidney stone.

Rob's canoe was like some big friendly but lazy dog that we had taken on a long jog. It wanted to come, wanted to be with us, but was simply out of its element. It was dragging its belly, tripping over its long ears, all the time doing its best, but simply growing heavier and more tired at every twist and bend. It seemed like every fifteen minutes she would be filled to the gunwales with all the twigs, wet moss and other assorted debris that constantly rained down on us as we pulled our way

through the thickets. We'd drag her to the banks, empty her, give her a little encouragement and push her on. It was cruel, but we simply didn't have much choice. The possibility of leaving her there had crossed my mind, but I couldn't possibly broach the subject with Rob. I'm sure he would rather have lopped off his right hand, or mine.

About the third hour of the trip, there was a palpable tension in the air emanating from the middle of the boat where Allison was sitting very quietly, up to her elbows in a cold looking pile of wet twigs. I like to think of myself as reasonably sensitive to my wife's needs and moods and I knew that this silence was not the silence that comes when she's eating a butter crunch sundae. It was more the silence that comes when a waitress only half fills her cup of tea or a grocery clerk tells her they've just sold the last can of Tab. I was telepathically trying to send her

warm, dry, this-will-be-over soon thoughts, but it was the kind of day when thoughts like that are easily slapped away by all the wet mossy branches that kept springing into our faces and sending little showers of water down our backs.

To pass the time I began to mentally compile a list of equipment that could come in handy in navigating Maine's unnavigable waterways: Wet suit, foul weather gear, crash helmet, block and tackle, 18" chainsaw, an assortment of picks and axes, flares, enough Doritos and peanut M&M's for a couple of weeks, a case of Canadian Club, and if one had room, a few sticks of dynamite and a small backhoe. Also a canoe one could fold up and stick into a back pocket would go a long way towards making such a trip a success.

Four hours after leaving our backyard, which turned out to be the best of only two short navigable stretches of Brox Brook, we

pulled up to the bottom of a long grassy meadow. Where were we? How much farther to the Kennebec? What was at the top of this meadow, behind which the sun was now beginning to set? Rob was toying with the idea of racing the sun to the Kennebec, and Allison, without a word, had jumped out of the canoe and was hiking up the meadow. I had the distinct feeling that even if there were packs of rabid dogs or a raging gun battle going on at the top of that hill, she would rather have braved them rather than tackle another inch of Brox Brook. Somewhere along the way, the Brox had lost its allure for her. I was listening to Rob and watching Allison when it dawned on me where we were. We were at the bottom of the Knight's Dairy Farm, the part closest to our home. With the wind at your back, you can walk the distance in about six minutes.

Rob Miller, Woolwich, ME.



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CANOES AND CANOEING.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.



HERE are canoes and canoes—from the frail cranky birch-bark now rapidly going out of use to the great war-canoe, stanch and sturdy enough to weather an ordinary gale if expertly handled.

My own first experience was with a birch-bark, on the placid waters of the northwest arm at Halifax, and I got a wonderful amount of pleasure out of

the little craft. It gave me a good deal of work, too, for the seams were constantly coming open, and requiring to be made water-tight again. This I always did myself, experimenting with different combinations of melted tallow and resin, until I had hit upon exactly the right proportion of each, and using layers of fine canvas where the leak was more than usually obstinate.

Although very cranky, as indeed all birch-barks are, I had only one upset in two seasons, and that was caused in a curious way. My Irish setter loved to accompany me in my paddles, and would settle himself in the bow, with his handsome head resting on the gunwale, and his big brown eyes taking in everything within range.

One afternoon, as I neared the opposite shore, somebody discharged a gun. In an instant the hunting instincts of my dog were aroused. He sprang into the water so suddenly that I had no time to counterbalance him, and of course over went the canoe, pitching me into the brine, at the cost of a good silver watch irretrievably ruined.

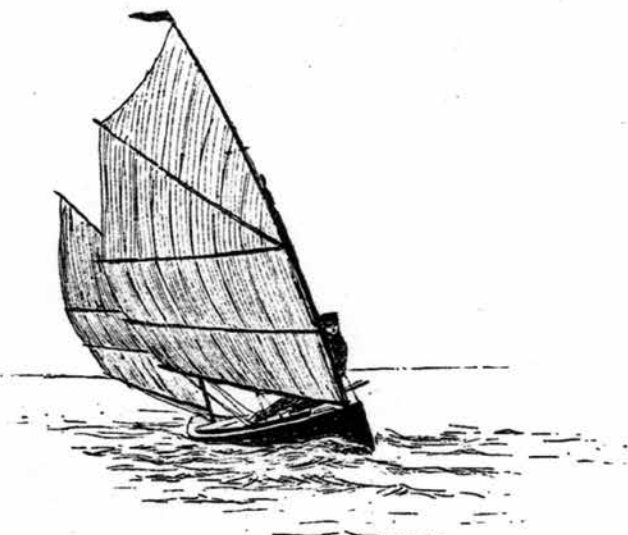
For the comfort of my fair companions in the summer evenings, I obtained one of those small mattresses made for sailors' bunks, and can confidently recommend this arrangement as an admirable one for any kind of a pleasure-canoe, as, with a cushion for the back, the passenger thus has a most comfortable seat. But the birch-bark has had its day, save indeed for the purposes of the angler and hunter who seek their prey amid forest fastnesses or in turbulent streams where portages are frequent and unavoidable. For this sort

of work it still maintains its supremacy over its modern rival, the wooden canoe, and probably always will, as the latter can hardly be built light enough to be easily portaged without too great a sacrifice of strength.

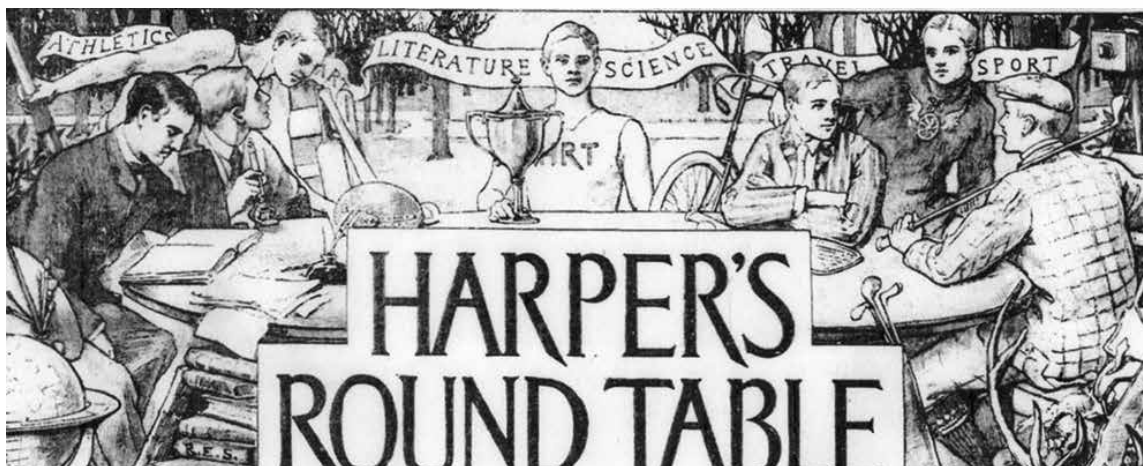
The wooden canoe as we know it to-day is a comparatively recent creation, for the inception of which Canada may claim the full credit. It is made of either cedar or basswood, and, by stress of competition among the different builders, has now reached a pitch of perfection as to beauty of line, excellence of workmanship, and strength of construction that would seem to leave very little to the future in the way of betterment.

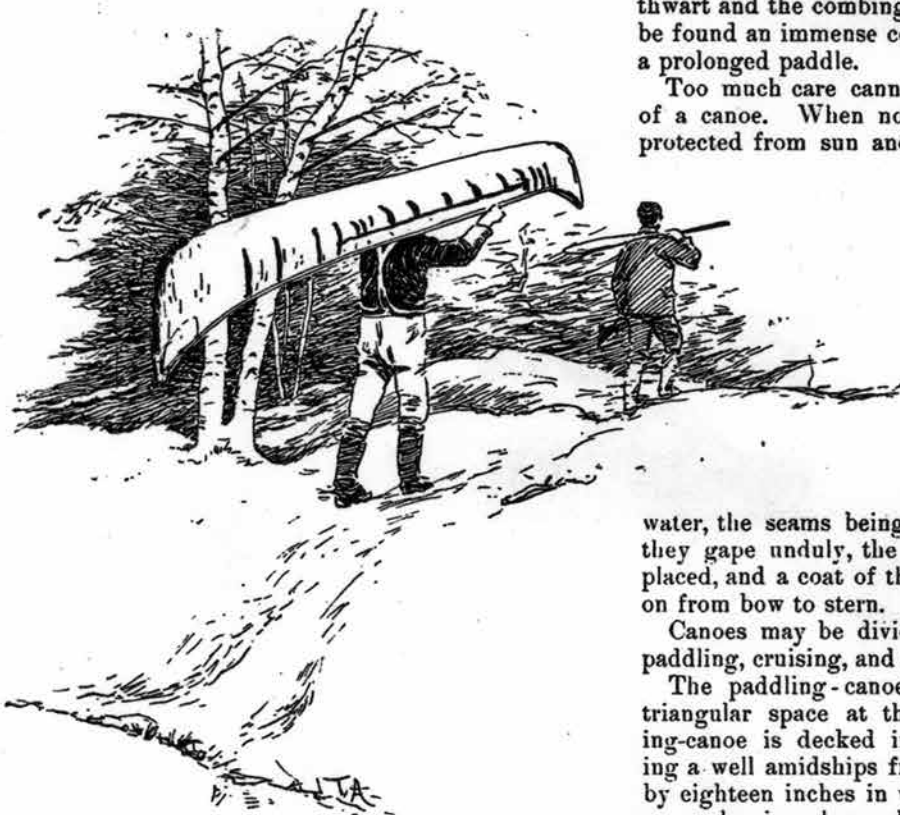
The best canoes are always varnished, only those of an inferior grade being painted; and if one can afford the higher price for them it is always best to pay it; they are so much prettier to look at, either in or out of the water, and, if properly cared for, they will far outlast their cheaper kind.

The ingenuity of builders has been taxed to the utmost in the struggle to obtain the best possible combination of lightness and speed without sacrifice of strength, and the result appears in the con-



HYKING OUT.





OVER THE PORTAGE.

struction of canoes that seem the very ideal of fair-weather craft.

I have in mind a canoe built of narrow strips of Spanish cedar not exceeding an inch in width, yet joined together so perfectly as to defy the keenest touch to detect the seams, that floats like a bubble on the water, and still can bear up four sinewy paddlers through the exciting turmoil of a race.

Every boy who lives within easy reach of inland waters should possess a canoe if possible. It is a far more companionable thing than a boat, and the owner is sure to come to look upon it as almost belonging to the animate creation, and cherish it accordingly.

One reason of this, perhaps, is that, being so light and frail, you cannot take the same liberties with it that you can with the hardier boat, and consequently it brings out the qualities of care and consideration in its owners as the other cannot do.

In the choice of a canoe one should bear in mind the different ways in which it can be used, and consider what of them are of most importance.

Thus, while the same canoe may be used for ordinary paddling, for a cruising trip, for sailing, and for racing, yet certain differences in build would make it much better for any one of these purposes than for the others.

Assuming, however, as will be the case in nine instances out of ten, that a general-utility canoe meets the situation, then the most convenient and serviceable size would be about fourteen feet in length by thirty-two inches in breadth and twelve inches in depth.

Such a canoe ought to be so safe, strong, and swift as to suit any ordinary paddler.

Let it be of cedar, from the hands of a reputable builder, furnished with four good paddles, and having in the stern a small seat fitting in just between the last

thwart and the combing of the decked part, which will be found an immense comfort to the steersman during a prolonged paddle.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the keeping of a canoe. When not afloat, it should be perfectly protected from sun and rain. If you already have a boat-house, a pair of brackets affixed to one wall will serve admirably as a resting-place for your dainty craft.

The varnish should always be well looked after, and touched up from time to time as there may be occasion, while every spring the whole canoe should be gone over thoroughly before being put into the water, the seams being calked with white-lead should they gape unduly, the brass screws tightened or replaced, and a coat of the best water-proof varnish laid on from bow to stern.

Canoes may be divided into three classes, namely, paddling, cruising, and sailing canoes.

The paddling-canoe is all open, save for a tiny triangular space at the bow and stern. The cruising-canoe is decked in for the most part, there being a well amidships from three to five feet in length by eighteen inches in width, which the owner can use as a sleeping-place when on a cruise. The sailing-canoe is completely decked in, but has a shallow cockpit for the accommodation of her Captain's feet.

From the individual point of view there is undoubtedly more pleasure to be got out of the cruising-canoe than out of the ordinary kind, but it is not at all adapted for company, as it cannot comfortably accommodate more than one at a time.

It should be so strongly built as to stand plenty of knocking about, and to be able to carry a proper amount of sail in a fair breeze without capsizing. Where a little extra weight does not matter, it is well to have a keel, which will give stiffness to the boat when under sail.

It is wonderful how much a good canoe may be made to carry on a cruise in the way of sails, provisions, etc.; yet in preparing for such an outing one should limit one's luggage to the smallest quantity consistent with comfort.

A miniature mattress, like the one previously mentioned, and a tent-covering made to fit over the well and afford complete protection from rain or night damps, may be regarded as necessities.

As regards supplies, their quantity and character must depend largely upon the route contemplated. If it is to be through a well-settled country, only luxuries need be laid in; but if it is proposed to venture into the wilderness, then necessities must be stored.

The inland waterways of Canada and of the United States afford a practically unlimited field for canoe-cruising, and there can be no healthier or more enjoyable way of spending a fortnight's holiday than by forming a party of from three to six, each in his own "ship," and carrying out such an excursion.

The long sunny days of sailing or paddling, the still warm nights on the margin of lake or river, the incidents and adventures certain to be encountered, and the delicious sense of being near to nature's heart,

all these combine to render the experience one long delight.

It is of such canoes the renowned Rob Roy wrote so enthusiastically: "As he sits in his little bark the voyager commands his whole course, and the scenery besides. With one sweep of his paddle he can turn when a foot from destruction. He can steer within an inch in a narrow place, and can easily pass through reeds and weeds or branches and grass; can work his sail without changing his seat; can shove off with his paddle when aground, and can jump out in good time to prevent a bad smash. He can wade and haul his craft over shallows, or drag it on dry ground through fields and over dykes; can carry it by hand up ladders and stairs, and can transport it over high hills and broad plains in a cart drawn by a man, a horse, or a cow."

This catalogue of capabilities is certainly a very attractive one, and should tempt many who are not yet canoe-owners to become so with the advent of another season.

The paddling-canoe is a simpler and less expensive affair, differing somewhat in shape and measurement, and more of a fine-weather craft, although it can stand pretty rough weather if skilfully handled. I have had some glorious tussles with wind and sea on a lake where storms come up very suddenly in the summer-time, and I never found my good "ship" fail me, even though the waves broke over her gunwale repeatedly, drenching both myself and my companion to the skin.

If you are inclined to be hospitable with your canoe, and to share its enjoyment with your friends of the gentler sex, a most comfortable seat for them may be made by cutting off the legs of a cane-bottomed chair, and setting it in the bottom against one of the thwarts.

For racing purposes the open canoe has, of course,

every advantage over the cruiser, and is the only kind seen at regattas, except in sailing competitions. Canoes built specially with a view to racing are brought down to as fine a point as possible, within the limits prescribed by the rules of the American Canoe Association, which are that for single or double paddle races the maximum length must not exceed sixteen feet, the minimum beam be thirty inches, the minimum depth ten inches, and the minimum weight fifty pounds.

For four paddlers the maximum length is set at twenty feet, and the minimum weight at seventy pounds.

Well-contested canoe-races are even more exciting than boat-races. The course is always shorter, a mile being the extreme limit, and a half-mile the usual distance, with a turn in the middle.

When there are three or more entries the sight is very stirring—the beauty and grace of the competing craft, the rapid motion of the paddles as they flash in the sunlight and are plunged into the troubled water, the intense energy of the paddlers, who work as if for their lives, while the spectators shout and cheer according to their sympathies—it all makes a most enlivening picture that easily explains why canoe regattas are multiplying.

No one should take part in a canoe-race without some previous training, for the strain is very severe, and I have seen more than one competitor collapse completely at the conclusion of the contest.

The races are arranged for single paddles, tandem paddles, and four in a canoe; and there is one event now very popular in Canada that always concludes the programme, namely, the war-canoe race, in which fifteen sturdy paddlers propel a monster canoe full thirty feet in length by three in breadth, and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds.



THE CAMP ON THE SHORE.

The sailing-canoe has been brought to a remarkable point of perfection during recent years, and, as seen at the annual meet of the American Canoe Association, is undoubtedly the prettiest, fleetest, crankiest, and yet most sea-worthy craft that has come from the hand of man.

There is no more interesting aquatic spectacle than a sailing race with a goodly number of entries and a lively breeze. The rivals look very much like gigantic butterflies, as with outspread wings they flit over the rippling water, and when the heavy puffs come it is little short of thrilling the way that their commanders "hyke out" on the sliding-seats, whereby they are enabled to prevent their ship from being cap-sized.

A good idea of what "hyking out" means may be obtained from the illustration on page 405.

The true sailing-canoe, however, is a luxury, and apt to be an expensive one at that, every part of her equipment requiring to be of the best quality, from silk sails to nickel-plated blocks and cleats; but for all ordinary purposes a good cruising-canoe of the Rob Roy type is far more serviceable and satisfactory.

In regard to the paddles used, there is a difference to be noted between the two countries where canoeing is most in vogue, as the double blade seems to be the favorite in the United States, while it is rarely seen in Canada, where the single blade practically has the field to itself.

Each type of paddle has its own advantages. Sin-

gle-blade paddling is certainly more graceful than double-blade work when a spurt is put on, as then the double-blade paddler looks rather ludicrously like a wind-mill in a gale.

On the other hand, the result of many tests has been to prove that, other things being equal, the double blade will drive a canoe ahead faster than the single blade, so that it would seem to be a question of grace *versus* speed.

When the delightful season of golden days and silver evenings is over, and the time comes to put away the trim little craft that has afforded you so much pleasure, see to it that she is snugly housed out of reach of rain or snow, and lying in an easy position, so that no undue strain may be thrown upon any part.

A good canoe is well worth taking some trouble about. If properly looked after she will last you many years, and repay you a thousand times in health and happiness for all that she may cost you, and you will be able to thoroughly appreciate the lines of the enthusiastic canoeist who has "dropped into poetry" after the following fashion:

I've travelled all the world around,
From China seas to Puget Sound,
In every sort of craft that floats,
From schooners down to jolly-boats;
And for calm or storm my choice is made
Of a stanch canoe and a paddle blade,
So I toast the man, whoever he be,
That first shaped canoe from the tree.



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San Juan, Puerto Rico

The Coast Guard Cutter *Dauntless* rescued 27 migrants after the migrants abandoned a disabled vessel and ended stranded on Monito Island, Puerto Rico. The rescued migrants, 25 Haitian and two others of undetermined nationality, reportedly were traveling with ten other Haitian migrants who were rescued by the *Dauntless* from a disabled makeshift vessel near Monito Island. Rescue crews ended the search for possible migrants in the water after confirming the migrants who abandoned the disabled vessel had safely reached Monito Island.

The *Dauntless* crew used the cutter's Over the Horizon boats to rescue the stranded migrants from Monito Island, while a Coast Guard helicopter flew rescue support on scene. During the rescue, the Coast Guard boat crews recovered several migrants from the water who jumped from the bottom of the cliff, including a pregnant woman.



Our Coast Guard in Action



Miami, Florida

Coast Guard enforcement officers terminated the voyage of the 31' vessel *Lady Di* due to illegally operating as a small passenger vessel near the 15th Street Marina, Fort Lauderdale. During the boarding, the law enforcement team discovered the vessel had nine passengers for hire and one credentialed mariner. The passengers reported they paid \$500 for a four hour charter. During a review of the bareboat charter agreement, the captain of the vessel was the owner of the vessel, making the agreement invalid.

This vessel has an active Captain of the Port Order for operating as a commercial vessel carrying more than six passengers without a Certificate of Inspection issued in August 2021 by Marine Safety Detachment Nashville, Tennessee, on behalf of Sector Ohio Valley, Louisville, Kentucky.

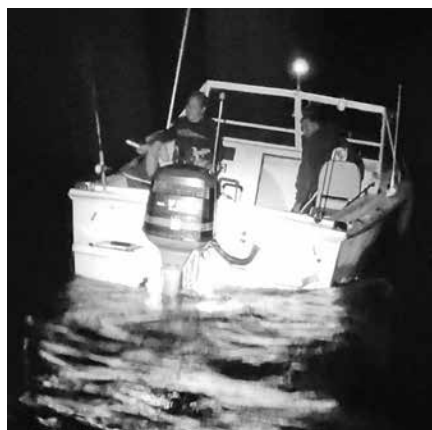
"The *Lady Di*'s voyage was terminated due to not meeting specific requirements for a bareboat charter operation," said Chief of Investigations Jesus Porrata, Sector Miami. "This clearly demonstrates no matter where you operate, you will face enforcement actions. Illegal charters that places lives and legitimate maritime businesses at risk will continue to be a major focus for the Coast Guard."

Owners and operators of illegal passenger vessels can face maximum civil penalties of \$60,000 or over for illegal passenger for hire-operations. Charters that violate a Captain of the Port Order can face over \$97,000.



Miami, Florida

Coast Guard crews found a 54-year-old boater off the coast of Jupiter after he was reported missing. A good Samaritan reported to Sector Miami watchstanders seeing a disabled vessel with two people aboard about ten miles off Jupiter Inlet. A Station Lake Worth Inlet rescue crew arrived on scene and confirmed it was the missing boater. He had allegedly left Bimini, Bahamas, and run out of gas attempting to bring his reported stepson, a non US citizen, into the US.



San Juan, Puerto Rico

Coast Guard surface and air units combined efforts to locate and rescue 12 migrants from a disabled 18' skiff in waters southeast of St Thomas, US Virgin Islands. The rescued migrants reportedly were traveling with two other migrant vessels when their vessel became disabled and separated from the group.

"Thanks to the quick response and great coordination between fellow partner agencies, our watchstanders and Coast Guard responding units, all 12 lives were saved in this case," said Chief Petty Officer Luis Cabrera, Boat Forces Detachment St Thomas chief supervisor. "Despite the successful rescue, we can-

not lose sight of the dangers associated with illegal migrant voyages. These voyages most often take place aboard grossly overloaded vessels with little or no lifesaving equipment."

Coast Guard watchstanders in Sector San Juan received a call from a 911 Emergency Service operator who relayed a report from local police that multiple agencies had apprehended 30 migrants, mostly Venezuelan nationals, from two vessels that made landfall at Bolongo Bay in St Thomas. The apprehended migrants reported there was a third migrant vessel disabled and adrift, approximately 20 miles southeast of St Thomas.

Coast Guard watchstanders directed the launch of a MH-60T Jayhawk helicopter from Air Station Borinquen and two 33' Special Purpose Craft-Law Enforcement from Boat Forces Detachment St Thomas to search for and rescue any survivors. Approximately four hours later, the crew of the Coast Guard helicopter located the disabled vessel with the migrants safely onboard and vectored in the Coast Guard boat crews to their position. The migrant survivors, ten men and two women, were safely embarked aboard the Coast Guard vessel and transported to St Thomas.



San Francisco, California

The Coast Guard rescued three fishermen after their boat began taking on water and then capsized a half mile off Tomales Bay. A 47' Motor Life Boat and crew was dispatched and arrived on scene and retrieved the three fishermen from their capsized boat and reported no injuries. The three fishermen were then transported to Station Bodega Bay where they were met by awaiting emergency medical services personnel and treated for symptoms of hypothermia.

"Thankfully this case had a successful outcome," said Lt Cmdr Megan Dennelly, the Sector San Francisco Search and Rescue Mission Coordinator. "The use of Rapid SOS, a GPS verification tool, allowed our search planners to receive positional data during the early stages of the case to quickly get assets on scene. This capability expedited the Coast Guard's response and helped save the fishermen's lives."



Miami, Florida

The Coast Guard repatriated 30 people to Cuba following four interdictions due to safety of life at sea concerns. Coast Guard Cutter *Raymond Evan's* brought the migrants back to Cuba.

A Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations flight crew reported to Sector Key West watchstanders a vessel approximately 40 miles south of Key West. A second flight crew reported to Sector Key West watchstanders a different vessel approximately 35 miles south of Key West. And a third interdiction was conducted by Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry flight crew of a vessel approximately 45 miles south of Key West.



Corpus Christi, Texas

The Coast Guard rescued six people stranded on Caballo Island after they beached their vessel near South Padre Island. The Air Station Corpus Christi command center watchstanders received notification from the operator of a 20' pleasure craft stating they had beached their vessel on Caballo Island due to unsafe weather conditions with six individuals aboard, one being a minor. Due to the severe weather conditions, Coast Guard and local partner agency's surface assets were unable to render assistance. Watchstanders directed the launch of a Sector/Air Station Corpus Christi MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew to assist. The Dolphin crew landed on the island, took aboard the individuals and safely transported them to the Port Isabel-Cameron County Airport in Cameron County, Texas.



St Petersburg, Florida

A Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg boarding team, along with Tampa Police Department Marine Unit, boarded a 48' boat that was operating as a bareboat charter with 13 passengers for hire. After investigation, Coast Guard officers deemed the boat was operating as an illegal small passenger vessel, terminated the charter's voyage and escorted the boat and passengers back to downtown Tampa.

"Under a bareboat charter contract, the person who rents the charter must be given the option to hire any captain of their choosing or operate the boat themselves," said Brian Knapp, Senior Investigating Officer at

Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg. "If a bareboat renter is assigned a captain without any options, the bareboat charter designation no longer applies."



Miami, Florida

Coast Guard Cutter *Charles Sexton's* crew repatriated 51 people to Cuba following four interdictions due to safety of life at sea concerns.

A Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations flight crew reported to Sector Key West watchstanders of a suspected vessel with twin outboard engines approximately 20 miles west of Anguilla Cay, Bahamas. A suspected smuggling venture, one person was transferred to US Border Patrol for further investigation.



Seattle, Washington

Coast Guard crews across the Pacific Northwest towed ten disabled or distressed commercial fishing vessels back to port in the first week of the Dungeness crab season. These tow operations, along with numerous safety escorts, have ensured the safe passage of several fishing crews and more than 100,000 pounds of crab, through hazardous bar conditions.

Coast Guard crews stationed in Grays Harbor, Cape Disappointment, Coos Bay and Chetco River have contributed to the total of ten tows. Other vessels have also been escorted across the bar. These safety escorts are conducted when dictated by hazardous conditions.

The start of the Dungeness crab season has coincided with several bar restrictions as a result of rough conditions encountered at the bar. When a bar restriction is in place, the operation of recreational and uninspected passenger vessels of the length specified in the restriction is PROHIBITED unless specifically authorized by the Coast Guard.



Corpus Christi, Texas

Coast Guard law enforcement crews interdicted 78 lanchas, seized 15,484lbs of catch and detained 208 fishermen during fiscal year 2021 along the Texas coast. A lancha is a fishing boat used by Mexican fishermen that is approximately 20'-30' long with a slender profile. It typically has one outboard motor and is capable of traveling at speeds exceeding 30mph. Lanchas pose a major threat, usually entering the United States Exclusive Economic Zone near the US-Mexico border in the Gulf of Mexico with the intent to smuggle people, drugs or poach the United State's natural resources.

Since the first recorded lancha interdiction in the late 1980s, the Coast Guard has seen a significant uptick in the detection of the vessels, recording close to 300 lancha interdictions in the past three fiscal years.

In cooperation with other law enforcement agencies, the Coast Guard utilizes a layered approach to combat illegal, unreported and unregulated fishing through aircraft, small boats and cutters, as well as improved technology on those assets, resulting in the drastic increase in lancha interdictions.



San Juan, Puerto Rico

The Coast Guard medevaced a 66-year-old man (US citizen) who sustained a head injury aboard the sailing vessel *Orion* while transiting from Christiansted, St Croix, to Compass Point, approximately 18 miles south of St Thomas, US Virgin Islands. Once on scene, the Coast Guard boat crew transferred two crewmen to the sailing vessel with a first aid kit and administered first aid to the injured passenger. Shortly thereafter, the Coast Guard helicopter arrived and deployed their rescue swimmer to the sailing vessel to assess the situation. The helicopter aircrew then deployed a litter that was received and transferred by the Coast Guard boat crew to the sailing vessel.

Due to the active 3'-5' sea state, the aircrew hoisted the patient to the helicopter. The rescue swimmer used a rescue sling to secure the man's wife and, once secured, they were both hoisted from the water safely aboard the aircraft. The Coast Guard helicopter transported the man and his wife to the Fernando Luis Ribas Dominici Airport in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Emergency Medical Service personnel at the airport received and transported to the couple to the Centro Medico Hospital in San Juan, Puerto Rico.



Wilmington, North Carolina

A Coast Guard aircrew hoisted four fishermen from a disabled fishing vessel off the coast of Duck, North Carolina. The crew members were wearing survival suits to prevent hypothermia when the rescue helicopter arrived. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector North Carolina received a call from the captain of the fishing vessel *Bald Eagle II* stating that his vessel was disabled and drifting towards shore.

A Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter aircrew and a Coast Guard Station Oregon Inlet 47' Motor Lifeboat crew were launched to assist. Once on scene, the aircrew hoisted all four men and transported them to the air station. The water temperature near Southern Shores was 56°.

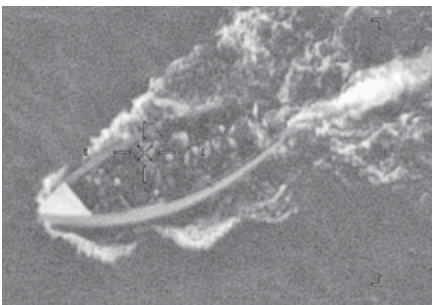


San Juan, Puerto Rico

The Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Doyle* interdicted a grossly overloaded makeshift boat during an illegal voyage that was transporting 62 persons, all Dominican Republic Nationals, in Atlantic Ocean waters north of Puerto Rico. All 62 persons were repatriated to the Dominican Republic.

This interdiction was the result of Coast Guard and Caribbean Border Interagency group partner ongoing partner agency efforts to deter and stop illegal migration voyages in the Eastern Caribbean.

Once aboard a Coast Guard cutter, persons who are interdicted receive food, water, shelter and basic medical attention. Throughout the interdiction, Coast Guard crewmembers were equipped with personal protective equipment to minimize potential exposure to any possible case of COVID-19.



Miami, Florida

Coast Guard Cutter *Raymond Evan's* crew repatriated 39 Cubans to Cuba following four interdictions due to safety of life at sea concerns off the Florida Keys. The interdictions occurred in the following locales: two rustic vessels (pictured below) approximately ten miles off Long Key, a single rustic vessel approximately eight miles off Key West, another single vessel approximately ten miles off Stock Island and the fourth approximately 45 miles off Big Pine Key.

The crews involved included Coast Guard Cutter *Kathleen Moore*, Coast Guard Cutter *Mohawk's* crew, Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircrew and a local towing vessel's crewmember who called in his sighting.



Miami, Florida

The Coast Guard and the motor tanker *Methoni* rescued 19 Cubans after a capsized approximately 33 miles southeast of Alligator Reef Lighthouse near Islamorada, Florida. One of the survivors stated to the *Methoni* crew there were 19 people on their raft before it flipped over. All 19 people were rescued by the *Methoni* crew and transferred to the cutter *Charles Sexton*. One person required a higher level of medical care and an Air Station Miami MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew hoisted and transferred the person ashore to local emergency medical technicians for further transfer to Fisherman's Hospital in Marathon. The Cutter *Charles Sexton* crew transferred the remaining 18 people aboard and they are expected to be returned to their country of origin.



St Petersburg, Florida

Multiple Coast Guard air and surface assets and crews continue searching for two men who went missing after their vessel sank near Cedar Key. A good Samaritan notified Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg watchstanders, reporting debris and items belonging to the 31 vessel *Dog House*. Searches have been conducted between Cedar Key and west of Sea Horse Reef.



Miami, Florida

A Coast Guard Station Marathon boat crew and a good Samaritan rescued three people from a plane crash approximately ten miles north of Florida Keys Marathon International Airport. A Coast Guard Station Marathon 33' Special Purpose Craft boat crew embarked the three survivors from a good Samaritan and transported them ashore to local emergency medical services with minor injuries. Sector Key West watchstanders received a notification from Coast Guard District Seven watchstanders reporting a downed Cessna 210 aircraft near Florida Keys Marathon International Airport.



Miami, Florida

Coast Guard, US Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations and US Border Patrol officers stopped three human smuggling attempts and detained 100 people.

Coast Guard and CBP AMO officers detained 43 people at sea and one suspected smuggler was transferred to Homeland Security Investigation officers for further investigation off Jupiter's coast.

Additionally, 26 people were apprehended by Border Patrol officers after a maritime smuggling event landed in the vicinity of Ocean Blvd.

Coast Guard and CBP AMO officers detained 28 people of various nationalities at sea off Pompano's coast.

Additionally, two landings happened off Pompano Beach where approximately 26 people were not apprehended.

Those intercepted at sea are transferred or repatriated to their country of origin.

Homeland Security Task Force-South-east is a standing task force that provides the organizational framework to detect a mass migration event or other contingency operation, facilitate the assignment of roles to participating agencies and establishes processes for intra departmental and inter departmental collaboration. Partners within HSTF-SE routinely conduct a broad range of readiness activities, including periodic surge operations and exercises.



Gray Fleet

The European Union is having a fit about China's activities in the Asian waterways including "bullying" EU naval and merchant ships. It is also deeply concerned about the rapid growth of the Chinese Navy (Peoples Liberation Army Navy) that yearly increases twice the size of the French Navy. The EU countries are frustrated with pirates operating off Asia and semi protected by China. A Danish destroyer sank a pirate ship recently. Read all this as "America, you need to step up protecting us."

While the EU whines about not having enough American protection off the Asian Coast, the US Navy has a rather intense internal battle about forward deployment vs keeping the fleet prepared. Our ships are being asked to sail for longer times and having equipment breakdown at a faster rate, crew are demanding more shore duty, retention is faltering and the shipyards are backed up by months. The Preparedness Group want fewer ships at sea and better maintained. They posit that the ships need less and less "mileage."

The Forward Deployment group have sustained their long held beliefs that the US Navy needs to Show the Flag, keep sea lines open for transit and be near the potential incidents. Furthermore, EU and American allies demand that the Navy be spread all over the world protecting everyone. The Forward Deployment guys have significant power and can pressure everyone. This will become a political battle when the campaign rolls around.

The *USS Connecticut* (SSN-22) collided with an unknown submerged object causing significant damage and injuring 12 sailors. The boat had to sail from Guam to San Diego on the surface and berthed at the repair docks. The Commanding Officer, Executive Officer and the Chief of the Boat were relieved from duty. Read that their careers are ended.

Interesting that of the nine Admirals in the Navy, there are no women or people of color. Of the 27 Vice Admirals, there is one woman but no people of color. Of the 44 Rear Admirals (upper half), one is a woman and one is black. Of the 75 Rear Admirals (Lower Half), three are women and three are black. Of the nine RADM (UH) selectees, one is a woman and one is Asian. Of the 19 RADM (LH), one is a woman. Nine RADMs in the Acquisition Community are all male and white. Of the 14 Selectees in the Acquisition Community, all are white men. Of course, in the Intelligence area, The Supply Corps and the Health Area the Navy has more women. Being a black female is not conducive for a naval career. We won't even talk about the US Marine Corps.

President Joe Biden named RADM Ann Phillips as the next US Maritime Administration chief. She is an alumnus of North Carolina and NROTC and served on a variety of surface warfare ships. Concerned with the climate change, she served on the US Navy's Climate Change Task Force and was chairman of the Sea Level Rise Preparedness and Resilience Project. MarAd is an element of the Department of Transportation.

For those of you not familiar with Navy ranks, Admirals are the top folks and wear four stars. Vice Admirals are also significant experts and they wear three stars. It is the Rear Admirals that the Navy has had issues with. Back in the old days of wooden ships and iron men, those were the only ranks, but the Army had a one star Brigadier General who often



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

was the counterpart of a Navy Captain and thus outranked him. The Navy started a one star admiral that they called a Commodore.

But Commodore was usually the head of any small group of ships regardless of rank (just as the Commanding Officer of any Navy ship is called "Captain" regardless of rank). This gets confusing so the brilliant minds of the Gold Braids came up with the Rear Admiral Upper Half and Rear Admiral Lower Half (two stars and one star accordingly). As a former Blue Jacket (enlisted man), if I saw Gold, I saluted it, if I saw lots of Gold, I hid!

Speaking of enlisted crew, the bottom of the pile is the Seaman Recruit (yes, even the women) who wear one white stripe on their right arm. Seaman Apprentices have two stripes and achieve that rank upon graduation from Boot Camp. Seaman wear three stripes. Seaman are "striking" (in training) for a rating or specialty area and carry a small insignia of that rating above the three white stripes. Once they achieve their "Crow" or Petty Officers badge they are a Third-Class Petty Officer wearing a badge with an eagle and one red V below the insignia of that specialty. Obviously, Second Class Petty Officers have two red Vs, First Class Petty Officers have three.

Then comes a whole new bracket of crew members whose responsibilities significantly increase and are the leaders of the enlisted below him or her. This is the Chief who wears an entirely different uniform akin to the officer's uniforms except for his hat insignia and has a black band on his/her hat instead of an officer's gold band. To retain Chiefs, the Navy ups the ranks from Chief to Senior Chief to Master Chief, each level denoted by a star above their badge. Chiefs run the Navy. The Officer's Handbook does indeed say that when you don't know what to do, ask your chief. Any officer who ignores his chiefs is bound to have a short career.

If you are not confused enough already, upper level enlisted can have either red or gold badges. If they have 12 continuous years of good behavior (Good Conduct Medals) they get the gold badges, otherwise they wear the reds.

Let's really muck things up. The Navy (as do all the services) has a rank called the Warrant Officer who is neither fish nor fowl. These people are officers selected from the enlisted ranks who are very outstanding in their field and can handle lower level officer's responsibilities easily but lack the formal training or education of officers. Personally, I always found the Warrant Officers really intelligent people, empathetic to the enlisted crew because they were enlisted for many years and quite wise and experienced in their jobs. I really liked working under Warrant Officers. They never screwed up. Ensigns and Lieutenants (jg) may foul up, but a Warrant never does.

During World War II, President Roosevelt, an avid sailor and naval history buff,

ordered the Navy to allow historians be given appropriate rank to their scholarship and experience and to have them on the front lines documenting the war for future generations. Harvard professor and writer Samuel Eliot Morison was made an admiral and his subsequent 15 volume History of the US Navy in World War II is the seminal work of that effort.

Unfortunately, after Operation Desert Fox the Navy defunded the Navy Reserve Combat Documentation Detachment 206 (CDD 206), assigned to the Naval History and Heritage Command (NHHC) headquartered at the Washington Naval Yard in the District of Columbia.

As the biographer of Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, I found the NHHC to be invaluable in their efforts to preserve our Navy's history. Virtually every ship's log to have been commissioned by the Navy is available at the Washington Naval Yard. All the communications between ranking officials and between ships are there and open for use. The historians working at NHHC are incredibly knowledgeable, helpful and friendly. Most naval historians could not have written their scholarly works without such service.

Robert Cressman and David Winkler are but two of the brilliant minds that assisted scholars. Cressman, in particular, had access to and knew just about every photograph of the war. His personal collection of photos and documents is immense and he freely allowed others to use them. Once thinking of writing a book on Admiral Fletcher, Cressman gave me everything he had collected. Furthermore, he greatly helped John Lundstrom in researching the best selling *Black Shoe Carrier Admiral*, an in depth review of Fletcher's decisions during the war.

The loss of the CDD 206 is short sighted and simply wrong. Those who do not study their history are doomed to relive it. As a modest historian, I see the same mistakes made over and over again by our politicians and the Defense Department. The noise you hear is me beating my head against the wall.

The *USS Iwo Jima* (LHD-7) was supporting operations near Afghanistan and recently returned to the US. However, she did not go home to Mayport, Florida, her home base but tied up in Norfolk. She shifted her home base as an element of Expeditionary Strike Group 2's rearranging ships to better organize the fleet.

The needs of the Navy and the needs of families often conflict. Certainly, moving from Florida to Norfolk, Virginia, at Christmas is not really high on anyone's Santa list. It takes a certain type of family to survive well in today's military. Hats off to all the families who serve as our protectors.

The *USS Gerald Ford* (CVN-78) is finally at sea for trials with the Navy anticipating her to be on station sometime in 2022, four years later than originally planned. She is the largest and costliest ship ever built by the US and her basic requirements to sail are staggering. At a cost of over \$13.3 billion, *Ford* was supposed to replace two carriers because of her advanced technology and her ability to carry additional jets. The proponents of the *Ford* claim that she will save the Navy about \$4 billion in overall expenses. Two sister ships, the *John F. Kennedy* and the *Enterprise* are to follow.

The Navy has a passel of opponents to the *Ford* who claim that for her cost four smaller LHD ships carrying the newest F-35s

can be built much faster than this class of carriers. Furthermore, they claim that the prospective CVN *John F. Kennedy* was cannibalized in order for the *Ford* to be completed in merely four years after her expected trials.

Some question the necessity of 11 carrier fleets in general, reminding some of the Gold Braids that our current carrier warfare philosophy is outdated. Our Navy was Big Gun oriented with the concept that carriers were needed to protect battleships. That theory sank into oblivion on December 7, 1941. Opponents note that four LHDs can be more lethal than one *Ford* Class carrier.

While the opponents proffer important arguments, the Navy is thoroughly controlled by the Zoomies, a goodly portion of the Flag Officers bear the wings of aviators just as our entry into WWII was run by Big Gun admirals. The fight between the Surface Warfare folks and the Aviators has been long, arduous, mean, political, personal and nasty since the days of the biplane.

The Coast Guard has issued a safety alert over wire rope made by SWWR (Southwest Wire Rope) due to a plethora of discrepancies in fabrication and quality management. Specifically, the rope sold was not to the level of standards stated, failed to be made of the stated components and used improper swag fittings all of which could cause catastrophic failure. The wire lacked the number of strands indicated and did not meet test strengths.

Inland Waterways

No less a person than Steve Forbes, CEO of *Forbes* magazine, launched into a conniption about the Jones Act saying that America loses \$100 billion annually due to the law. Worse, he states that the rising gas prices are due to that legislation. Unfortunately, no one can corroborate that figure or anything like it, nor is gas tied to the problems with the act. While the Jones Act has plenty of issues, he cites numerous concerns that have nothing to do with the Jones Act.

The Act itself, as has frequently been noted in this column, is massive and pervasive, running the gamut from seaman safety issues, owner responsibility, officer expectations and labor protection. It also states that Intrastate trade is mandated to be on US built ships, owned and crewed by Americans. Opponents note that our shipyards are declining in number, non American flagged ships greatly outnumber US ships and ownership tends to be groups of investors rather than individuals. The Jones Act deserves significant, non political review, however, pulling data out of the air is beyond silly.

The building of a new lock and dam at Charlesroi on the Monongahela River is rapidly developing. The engineers are pumping it dry to commence work on the floor. There are 20 million gallons of water that need to be pumped back into the river, or the equivalent of 30 Olympic sized pools. The new lock is 720' long and 84' wide compared to the old one at 360'x56'. Experts claim that a barge will be able to transit the lock in about 40 minutes. This is precisely what is desperately needed on the Mississippi River.

The issue of aging locks and dams continues to confront the inland waterways. To put things in perspective, the Empire State Building is 1,200' tall, the former Sears Tower of Chicago is 1,450' tall, but the standard barge on the lower Mississippi is 1,560' long! One tow was shown as having 56

barges. On the Upper Mississippi, barges are limited to 15 barges per tow because of the limitations of the locks. The typical lock is from 600' to 1200' in length, 110' wide with a lift of 15'-25', and Lock #27 saw over 73 million tons of cargo go through it.

Liquid barges come in 10,000, 20,000, and 30,000 barrel sizes (a barrel is 42 gallons). The smaller barge is 200'x35' with a draft of 12.5'. The Big Boy is 297.5'x54' and has approximately the same depth.

Interestingly, the standard tow of 15 barges seen around my area carries 132 million tons of grain annually that includes 60% of the soybean and 58% of the corn crop. To put this in perspective, a standard tow on the Upper Mississippi moves the same tonnage as 216 railcars with six locomotives or 1,050 large semi trailer trucks.

Also of note is that most inland rivers that host barges are at a depth of 9' as demanded by law. Easily seen is that many barges cannot float on a lot of our navigable rivers. We have 12,000 miles of waterway used to transport goods that go through 193 locks.

The beloved steamer *Julia Belle Swain*, once skippered by musician John Hartford ("Gentle on my Mind") is still in the news. She is the second to bear the name and the last boat ever built by Dubuque Boats and Boiler Works. She is 108'x27' with a draft of a mere 3'. She is powered by a Gillett and Eaton reciprocating engine with 12" cylinders and a 5' stroke. She is elegant with crown stacks, a 7' pilot wheel and a calliope with 32 whistles.



She operated under a plethora of companies as an excursion boat on the Upper Mississippi running between the Quad Cities and sundry points up and down the river. She appeared in several movies and documentaries including "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Life on the Mississippi." She once raced the *Delta Queen* and the *Belle of Louisville* at the Kentucky Derby Steamboat Race in 1976 and she won.

She was auctioned off by Captain Dennis Trone in 1995 and purchased by Robert Kalhagen of Madison, Wisconsin, under the banner of Great River Steamboat Company running from La Crosse, Wisconsin, to Winona, Minnesota, or Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. In 2009 she was laid up because of the economic downturn but she was purchased by a non profit group in 2013 in order to put her back in service. Unfortunately, this has never happened and she sits moldering at her dock in La Crosse.

And just as I was saving this column, another magazine announced that the *Julia Belle Swain* was on the market and Pinnacle Marine's website noted that their offer for the steamer was "Offer Accepted" but not quite yet sold. Pinnacle Marine is the only broker-

age service specializing in passenger vessels in the region. It is estimated that an additional \$900,000 is needed after the initial \$2.6 million was spent by the non profit group.

And on to Riverboat History

The steamboat *Mississippi* has had several iterations in riverboat history. *Mississippi III* was a 185'x38' boat built in 1926 and featured a steel hull. The upper works of the *Mississippi II* was simply "scooted over" to *III* with the only casualty a small window. *III* worked as a government boat for several years and once answered the call for assistance from the *Delta Queen* that she towed into Natchez. The *Mississippi III* captain was so proud of his ship he invited all the guests of the *Delta Queen* over for a tour and dinner. *Mississippi III* was retired in 1961 when *Mississippi IV* came into service, it then replaced by *Mississippi V* in 1993 and had the same bell of all the ancestors.

IV was sold as a tour boat and her penultimate job was as a restaurant in St Louis under the name of *Becky Thatcher*. She was sold a couple of times before ending up in Pittsburgh. In 2010 Old *Mississippi IV* sank at dock and was totally destroyed.

Keith Norrington, a writer in *Waterways Journal*, has a weekly article on old steamboats. I am indebted to his information. Steamboat Bill Peterson wrote, in the early 60's, for the Iowa State Historical Society, the seminal work on boats working the Upper Mississippi. Unfortunately, his vocabulary and subject emphasis make this work offensive to some people today.

America, one of the more beautiful paddle wheelers, was 285' in length with a beam of 45' but her hull and engines came from the *Bostona* that burned up. Able to handle 3,000 passengers, *America* operated out of Louisville.

Owners of the *Cincinnati* and the *America* held a race in August 1928. The latter was clearly the fastest boat but her owner had bet heavily on the former. He ordered the engineer to let *Cincinnati* win by about 30'. The *America* crew were so angry they refused to speak to the engineer and even refused to pass him the salt at dinner. Finally, the engineer confessed that the owner ordered him to slow the boat and he was so old he feared he would be fired and not able to get another job. They forgave him.

The Depression hammered the paddle wheelers and income was impossible to generate. Not surprisingly, the *America* caught fire in 1930 under "mysterious circumstances" and died. Her 32-whistle calliope was salvaged for the *Idlewild*. This, like the canneries of Monterey, California, was a common end to business on the waterways.

Merchant Fleet

What every sailor in the universe knows is that wind power leaves no carbon residue and now the merchant fleet is going back to historic times to harness the wind instead of burning Diesel. The International Maritime Organization set a goal of reducing fleet pollution by 50% by 2050. Cargill Ocean Transport, the largest grain and commodities transporter in the world with over 600 ships, started work with BAR Technology (Ben Ainslie Racing of America's Cup yachting fame) to develop sundry sailing options for their vessels.

One such concept is "wings" or solid sails that telescope from the top deck to a

height of 150' and sail the ship, reducing fuel by 30%. Meanwhile, Wallenius Marine and a consortium of the KTH Centre for Naval Architecture and SSPA, a maritime technology developer, have created the Oceanbird that is also telescoping set of wings making those ships the tallest in the world. While this concept adds time by a factor of two, it reduces fuel consumption by 80%. SeaWing uses a parafoil kite system for the Airbus' roll-on/roll-off ships.

UK based Anemoi Marine Technologies has vertical cylindrical drums called Flettner Rotors that wind creates high pressure and low pressure on sides of the spinning drums, thus creating "lift" that reduces fuel consumption by 10-15%. And the Japanese are creating a combination solar/sail system for merchant ships.



Merchant shipbuilders working closely with yachting competitive architects, one has to wonder if we will see foils on freighters? What is the hull speed of a 1,000', 100,000 ton ship? What a wonderful world we live in.

Environmental News

SecNav and the Coast Guard Commandant jointly expressed frustrations with illegal Chinese fishing boats. Twenty percent of all fish sold internationally are illegally caught and a goodly portion of these are coming from China. Australia and New Zealand voiced similar concerns. While the diplomats discuss the issue, the Coast Guard firmly stated that they did not want to become the "Fish Cops" of the world.

After 40 years, the Illinois DNR stated that people can eat fish from the Illinois River, in moderation. It was full of PCBs from electrical equipment insulation.

The Battle of Bloody Run continues as the Walz family fights to establish an 11,000 head cattle facility on the watershed of Bloody Run Creek, a designated Outstanding Iowa Waterway trout stream. Three other trout streams are affected by this planned operation. The weekly battles between environmentalists and the family are intensely covered by the media. Truth in publication urges that I acknowledge that the Walz family and this writer have been at loggerheads for many years over issues that have nothing to do with the environment or their farms.

Elkader, Iowa, where I lived for almost 25 years, is not far from Bloody Run Creek and Sny Magill Creek, was hit with the fourth highest flood on record. It did no damage. Initially, some thought it was because there was little there that could be harmed. The truth is that after three incredible floods, the city constructed berms around the lower end of the town, purchased and razed several square blocks of homes and used the area for flood control and moved several businesses to higher ground.

Once, I worked all night piling sandbags to keep the Turkey River from flood-

ing the lower portion of the community. We had a dike about 6'-8' tall. The next morning the sandbags were about 20' underwater. We could fish from the steps of St Joseph's Church three blocks from the river. One poor gentleman tried to pass the church and his car was simply washed away. He was rescued, however. My back has never been the same.

Bangs and Clangs

MV Mount Vernon was pushing her barges merrily along the Mississippi when deck hand Douglas Lewis experienced one of those interesting events that one does not truly appreciate at the time. The towboat was hit by a tornado. Lewis was talking to his wife over the phone when the connection was severed and the captain roused all crew after receiving a tornado emergency, a step above tornado warning.

The captain immediately drove his barges into a bank to avoid sinking. The sky became pitch black, an eerie smoke like fog rose from the river, lightning turned purple as it was reflected off the darkness and the funnel exited the land and headed toward the boat. As it picked up steam, the crew headed toward the center of the boat. Attempting to open a door to equalize the air pressure, the crew discovered they could not. The engines immediately quit as the air was sucked out of the intake.

After the shaking and roar died down, the crew discovered that eight lines had separated, the jack staff was neatly folded in half, deck boxes containing life vests were missing and their safety lights could be seen floating downriver, the small jon boat was hurled into the stacks and holed. The outboard motor had wires sticking out and the rudder was dangling. The rest of the damage was merely cosmetic. Lewis had switched his phone to the camera settings and was able to photograph the entire event. By his estimation the tornado was approximately one mile in width, however, the Weather Bureau claimed it was slightly less wide but sustained winds of well over 100mph. The tow was stuck as trees from the bank had fallen fore and aft of the vessel. Just another day on the river.

INS Ranvijay, an Indian destroyer, caught fire injuring four sailors. *Zim Kingstone*, a Maltese flagged ship, caught fire near British Columbia and the Canadian Coast Guard managed to rescue the crew. The ship was heading to Canada from Korea. *Chem Ayn* ran aground off the Isle of Wight and sank. She was later refloated. *Maju 9* and the tanker *New Global* left four missing from a crew of 32. Both ships were Indonesian flagged and smacked each other near their home port. *OPK 3*, a container ship, collided with *NP Pathum Than* and promptly sank near Thailand.

On my birthday (November 9) the wonderfully named ship *Rise Shine* ran aground and cracked her hull in several places in the Sea of Japan. A late November major storm off Istanbul caught many ships in precarious positions. *Ayis I*, a ro-ro passenger and vehicle ferry was pushed ashore where she capsized. *Boras*, a cargo ship, broke loose and was grounded. *Umit K*, another cargo ship, sank in the same storm. *Talayieh*, a corvette being built by the Iranians, rolled on its side while in drydock and suffered severe damage. Somehow, I can't feel too badly about this accident.

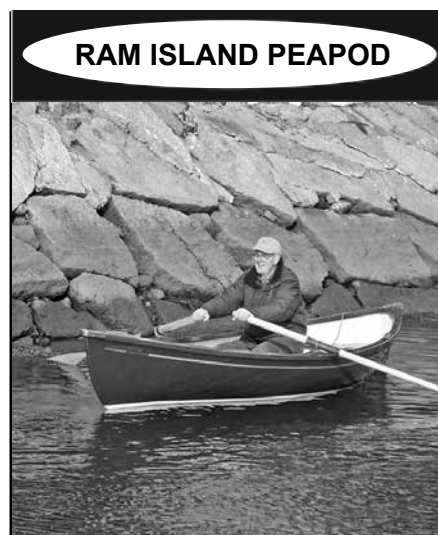
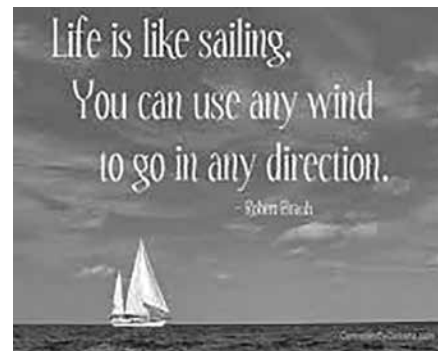
Hinkley Yacht Services suffered a major fire at the Newport, Rhode Island, facility

destroying a sailing yacht, *Danneskjold*, and a motor yacht, *Drinkability*. I hope the company had insurance, a lot of insurance.

Christmas is not celebrated by all nations and a boat smuggling Syrian migrants into Italy sank. Sixteen were killed but 80 were rescued. It was the third such migrant smuggling boat mishap in the week off the coast of Greece. In Europe, 24,000 refugees have attempted to cross the English Channel from France to England creating a lot of political division between the two countries.

Postscript

I have also included a photo of my yacht that I DID NOT receive for Christmas. Darn Santa!



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Lewis B. Story Put Away

After a busy 2021 season afloat, the Museum's flagship *Lewis B. Story* is hauled ashore and stored in yard.



Topsfield Vocational Academy Projects



The TVA student built Ben Garvey Skiff gets taped for painting and brightwork.

TVA students begin work repairing the rail of another Sharptown Barge.



Frame Up

Essex Shipbuilding Museum
We're Closed for
the Season But...

The Shipyard is OPEN dawn to dusk, QR codes guide you through the Shipyard on self guided tours. Follow us on Facebook and Instagram to find out about our special Winter events. See you in Spring 2022!

Fall Yard Project

EHSSM's Wednesday volunteers took on the trunnel shed as a fall project. Major project items, repaint exterior, repair door, display case, new plexiglass, replace rotted wood, mount an easy to hang/unhang logical fashion, repair/replace missing/rotten clapboards and sheathing, new roof, door renovation/replacement, cupola removal, window repair, repair center floor and roof holes.



Inside the trunnel shed a caulking mallet and iron sit ready with cotton and oakum where visitors can take a try at caulking between planks of the bench in this hands on exhibit.



Inside the trunnel shed a trunnel die and mallet sit in waiting for the next museum visitor to take a swing in this "hands on" exhibit.

QR coded signs throughout the shipyard add a bit more to your self guided experience.



www.essexshipbuilding.org

Expansion of Rowing Operations

HLM's celebrated rowing program has bounced back from a months long pandemic induced shutdown with significant growth in membership and reengagement with youth programs in a safe environment.



SAVING LIVES THEN. CHANGING LIVES NOW.

HULL LIFESAVING
MUSEUM



Back in the Day

2021 at Hull Lifesaving Museum

In the midst of a global pandemic, the Hull Lifesaving Museum continues to provide great programming and events in addition to running its acclaimed museum. While challenged, we are proud that our hard work and safety protocols have proven effective in preventing any Covid cases associated with museum operations. Looking back over the year, we are amazed that our team has been able to accomplish so much, here is a sample of this year's accomplishments:

Veterans Rowing and Monthly Meetings

HLM's Veteran's program is a significant success with approximately 40 attendees at monthly social and information sessions and expanding veteran's rowing events in 2022.



Storm Season - Shipwrecks Remembered

Open now, this exhibition features images, documents and stories of tragic shipwrecks and heroic rescues at the entrance to Boston Harbor.



Successful Exhibitions Miniature Ships ~ Epic Tales

Maritime Models drawn from HLM's collection and loaned by supporters, the exhibition kept visitors enthralled with the stories of each depicted vessel.



Sea and Sky Art Show

This popular annual juried art show attracts over 100 submissions by area artists.



Extensive Repair and Upgrade to HLM Rowing Vessels

Over the last year a lot of work has been accomplished, largely with volunteer labor. *Herring's* overhaul was completed and painted from top to bottom including some alternations to improve her ability to track in a straight line when subjected to a crosswind.

In Boston *Eclipse* and *Windrose* have been greatly improved. Oars in both Boston and Hull have been repaired and painted with decorative designs. Thank you to the volunteers and employees for your substantial contribution to the Hull Lifesaving Museum's vessels.

Other projects worked on in 2021 include rebuild of the *Lumberyard Skiff*, repair and upgrade of the support boat *Jack*, repair and maintenance of the outside of *Pilot* and now working on the inside, plank repair on *Rescue* and *Kittery* and much more.



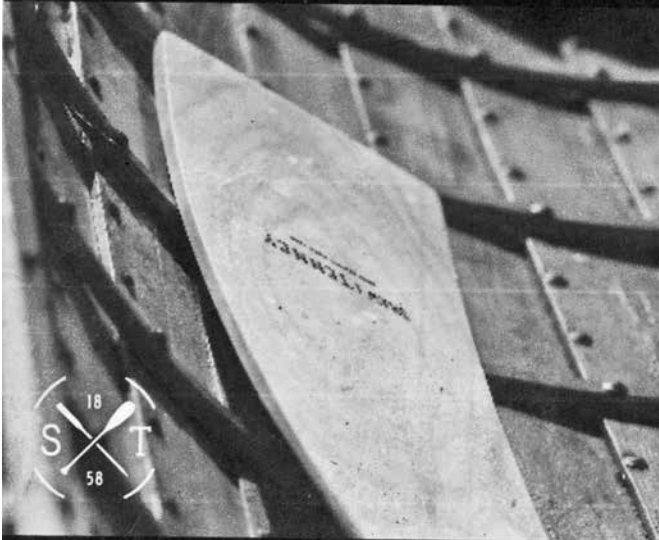
Races!


Competitive rowing returned to HLM with hosting of the Head of the Weir. Forty-five vessels with almost 200 rowers and hundreds of spectators had a blast on November 6 for the first competitive race at HLM in ywo years. HLM was well represented with two pilot gigs and four coxed fours plus several singles and doubles entered in the race. Now we are looking forward to an equally successful Snow Row in March of 2022.



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PRACTICAL MECHANICS

JULY
6^D



*Full
Constructional
Details Inside!*



CANOEING ON THE CHARLES.



"Earning a \$5,000 scholarship for first place overall and a plaque for best finished canoe in the 1995 National Concrete Canoe Competition, the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology is a small polytechnical university with about 2,500 students. Its ASCE student chapter has been involved in the concrete canoe competitions for two decades. This year, the students used the experience gained from SDSMT's fourth place finish in the 1994 nationals as a springboard for the 1995 competition.

Hull design. The SDSMT team attributes much of its success to the excellent hydraulic design of its boat, *Predator*. "It cuts through the water well," explains Bob Paulsen, one of the students who helped design and build the canoe.

The 88-pound vessel is 18 feet, 11 inches long; 9-1/2 inches deep; and 30 inches wide at the widest point. The canoe's long, diamond-shaped hull gives the boat excellent forward speed. A longer hull improves the glide ratio, so it can travel faster with less effort than a shorter hull of the same width. The diamond shape also contributes to a sharp entry line; the vessel slices through water cleanly and displaces it gradually.

To improve the boat's stability and maneuverability in the water, the hull design team gave *Predator* soft chines (the area of transition between the canoe bottom and sides) having a 4-inch radius of curvature. An arched bilge, or canoe bottom, was chosen over a flat-bottomed structure to improve tracking.

Though lessons learned from past competitions certainly contributed to *Predator*'s successful design, the knowledge the design team gained from studying the design literature of racing canoe manufacturers proved especially helpful, according to Paulsen. The basic principles of *Predator*'s hull design were gleaned from those established over five decades.

Mix design. Students built *Predator* by placing 58-pound-per-cubic-foot concrete having a 28 day compressive strength of 1690 psi over galvanized 19 gauge steel reinforcing mesh.

The concrete design team's goal was to produce a lightweight mix with superior workability and finishability. The final

Building a Winning Canoe

(Our June 1, 1995 issue featured my report on a regional concrete canoe race/design contest participated in by civil engineering students from a number of New England engineering colleges. The subsequent national championships for concrete canoes was featured in the engineering publication *Aberdeen's Concrete Construction*, and included a detailed description of the designing and building of the winning canoe. I have obtained permission to reprint this article as I think you'll find it of some interest.)

Reprinted with permission from the September 1995 issue of *Aberdeen's Concrete Construction*. Copyrighted by The Aberdeen Group, 426 S. Westgate, Addison, IL 60101.

mix design, shown below, was developed after students tested 34 different trial mixes.

The large quantity of finely graded ceramic spheres used in the mix helped reduce concrete weight and density. Replacing some of the Portland cement with fly ash also helped to reduce weight.

The high HRWR dosage caused set retardation of the mix, but produced a viscous, or sticky, concrete that was easy to apply onto the compound curves of the canoe's form. The freshly mixed concrete also displayed excellent finishability. Though the time for initial set of the mix was two to three hours, this gave the students a large window of opportunity for finishing the concrete.

Canoe construction. The reinforcement used in *Predator* was simple 1/2 inch-square steel mesh. To reduce canoe weight, students researched various types of nonmetallic reinforcement, but discovered that using these materials instead of steel would cut weight by only 2 pounds. Also, it was difficult for the students to obtain nonmetallic reinforcement materials locally.

With the light weight and low strength of the concrete used for *Predator*, students decided to increase the vessel's load capacity by prestressing the hull to induce compressive stresses. Prestressing also helps keep small cracks in the canoe from expanding. To distribute the prestressing force equally throughout *Predator*, 36 strands of 0.03-inch-diameter down-rigger cable were used as the prestressing material. The cable was chosen over other options, such as carbon fiber tape and aviation cable, because it has a high-tensile strength and a very small diameter.

Students decided to use a male polystyrene molding system to form the canoe, because of the simplicity and practicality of a male form. A female forming system makes it more difficult to place concrete and to prestress the hull.

The first problem confronting the construction team was how to space the steel mesh at the proper distance from the form. The students came up with an innovative solution: placing small spacers made of a latex-admixture based concrete under the mesh.

Before placing the mesh reinforcement, students used common plastic weather-sealing film to shrink-wrap the form. Wrinkles in the plastic were smoothed by heating it with a hand-held hair dryer. In addition to serving as an effective and inexpensive release agent, the plastic imparted a very smooth, glasslike surface to the concrete that required minimal finishing.

Several coats of an epoxy-based sealer/joint compound were applied to the form before it was shrinkwrapped to minimize imperfections.

Building *Predator* required the use of seven 0.175-cubic-foot batches of concrete, which were hand placed and worked into the mesh. A unit weight analysis was performed on each batch as a quality-control measure.

To maintain a uniform concrete depth of 1/4 inch when applying the mixture to the form, students used toothpicks. They simply marked the toothpicks at the proper depth and inserted them into the freshly placed concrete.

Curing and final finishing. To attain a higher strength in a shorter time period, students cured *Predator* using a moist-heat process. Burlap sacks were wetted and placed over the hull, then a 6 mil thick plastic tent was placed over the entire canoe. Electric blankets and a 4-inch thick thermal blanket placed over the tent maintained a minimum temperature of 110°F.

The burlap sacks were wetted every eight hours to keep the concrete hydrated. To monitor the canoe's strength development, the students placed several concrete test cubes and cylinders inside the tent and tested them periodically.

After curing was completed, very thin coats of concrete were applied to imperfections in the canoe surface, then the patched areas were sanded. Students painted the finished canoe using a colored base coat followed by a clear coat.

Challenges faced. Though SDSMT took first place in the 1995 competition, the team might have scored even higher if it weren't for the turbulent Po-

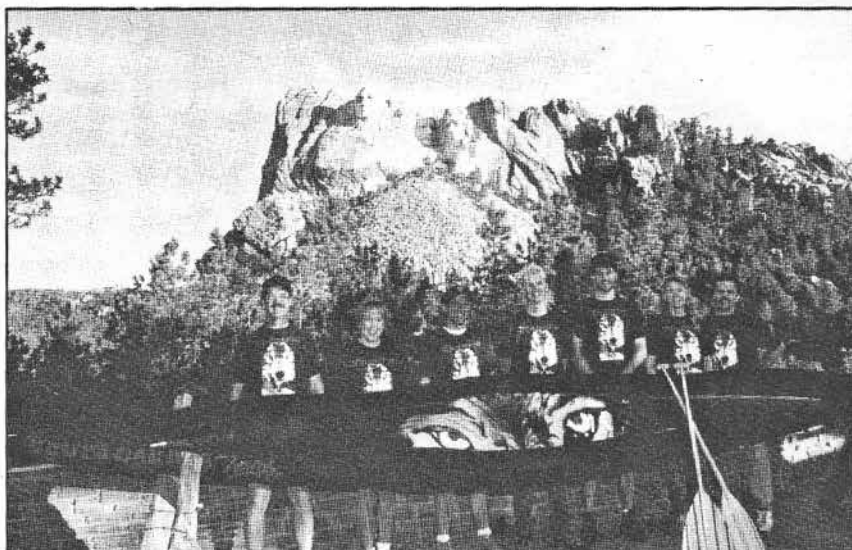
To build *Predator*, students placed the concrete by hand over reinforcing mesh molded around a polystyrene form. The large dose of high-range water reducer used in the mix not only made the concrete easy to work, it also retarded initial set time, giving the students two to three hours to finish the job.



tomac. Paulsen, a five-year veteran in the national races, described this year's conditions as the toughest he has experienced. "The Potomac really put our paddlers to the test, even though they trained twice a day, every day, for a month before the races," says Paulsen.

Not only did the current seem to vary from lane to lane in the race course, the paddlers had to dodge debris, which slowed their race times. The most critical delay occurred when the women's team hit a log during the distance races, which added three seconds to their time and took a chunk of concrete out of the canoe's nose. The team came in second in the race, trailing the winning team, California State University, by just one second.

Paulsen admits that designing and building a concrete canoe takes a lot of hard work and dedication, and most students find it difficult to keep up with their class work while preparing for the canoe races. However, Paulsen says that the hands-on experience the students gain by experimenting with concrete mix designs and construction techniques is invaluable.



SDSMY team members proudly display *Predator*. The painting inside the canoe is the face of a wolf. To the Sioux of South Dakota the wolf is a symbol of endurance and adaptatlon, a predator whose survival depends on its intelligence and cunning.

The Winning Concrete Mix Design

Ingredients:

Type I/II portland cement
Fly ash
Air entraining agent
High range water reducer (HRWR)
Ceramic spheres
Silica fume
Water
Polyolefin fibers
Avg. 28-day compressive strength
Avg. unit weight
Air content
Water-cementitious materials ratio

Pounds Per Cubic Yard

700
175
8
53
926
88
298
7

1690 psi
58 pcf
27%
0.48



Ferrocement

And should you like to try something a bit more challenging?



September 25

On Saturday, September 25, we had a small crew on hand to do several chores. Chuck Cossaboom, Barry Goldberg and Jeff Morrill all chipped in to continue the interior sanding, splice in two new deck tips and two inwale tips. In addition to this we removed the broken rib and steamed and bent the replacement. Securely clamped in place on the outside of the hull it will be ready for installation at our next session.

Due to a scheduling conflict at the canoe shop we were unable to meet October 2 so Chuck, Barry and Jeff agreed to be here on Thursday, September 30, to nail in the rib and glue up the final inwale tip. The next session was to be on Saturday, October 9. The scheduled events included replacing the planking at both ends that had to be removed for the stem repairs, finish up the sanding and do a final inspection of the tacks to be sure every tack is properly clinched.

After that is complete, we will be on our way to staining and varnishing the interior, then it will be canvas time.



Barry, Chuck and Jeff with the trapper, the replacement rib has been bent.

September 30

Three weekday volunteers were here on Thursday, September 30, and we managed to get the replacement rib installed. Chuck Cossaboom, Barry Goldberg and Jeff Morrill all assisted.

The next event will be on Saturday, October 9, starting at 8am as usual. A bit more sanding, one more rail tip and some reclining of tacks along with reinstalling planking that was removed at the ends for the stem and rail repairs are tasks on the agenda.

Chuck and Steve fitting the new rib on September 30.



Norumbega Chapter WCHA News

From Steve Lapey
1969 Old Town
Project Canoe

October 9

Doug Deyoe, Barry Goldberg, Jeff Morrill and Greg O'Brien joined in to finish up the interior sanding, clinch tacks, replace planking and make the final inwale patch. Along the way we found time to scarf together some mahogany which will get milled into two new outwales. The next gathering will be on Saturday, October 16, starting at 8am here at the canoe shop.

Thanks to Barry Goldberg for the photos.



Scarf joint in the making. This was the test fit, it came apart, glue was added and it was reclamped.



Steve, Barry, Jeff, Doug and Greg at the canoe shop.

October 16

Great progress was made on Saturday, October 16. Volunteers included Chuck Cossaboom, Stuart Fall, Lawton Gaines, Barry Goldberg and Greg O'Brien. We now have all of the wood repairs completed, the new wood has been stained to match the old and we are ready to start varnishing. A cleaning and varnishing session will be held next Saturday, October 23, and canvassing will happen on October 30.



Stuart and Chuck supervise as Steve and Barry clinch some tacks.

October 23

On October 23, session volunteers included Doug Deyoe, Barry Goldberg, Jeff Morrill and Greg O'Brien. The long piece of mahogany that we had scarfed together a few weeks ago was milled into two new outwales and when that was done we lightly sanded the interior and applied the third coat of varnish. The Old Town restoration project is coming along nicely, all of the wood repairs are now complete, the interior has three coats of varnish and it is ready for canvas.



Jeff, Steve, Doug and Barry running the mahogany through the table saw. Having the saw on wheels allows us to work outside with plenty of room for 20' long boards!



Ready for canvas!

October 31

On this Saturday our volunteers, Chuck Cossaboom, John Fitzgerald, Lawton Gaines, Bob Gorman, Barry Goldberg and Ted Harrigan came out in the rain to stretch the canvas on the Trapper. The work was all done inside where it was nice and dry so the rain was no factor.

Barry brought along a compressor and a stapler so we had two teams of stretchers and staplers working at a time. The sides went quickly, the ends, as usual, took more time stretching and working out those pesky wrinkles, the end result came out perfect.

The staining on the canvas is the copper naphthenate that we put on as a mildewicide to keep the canvas from rotting, with a heavier application at the ends and along

the gunwale line where they often want to rot. The extra 3" of canvas will be left untrimmed until the first coat of paint is on to keep filler, primer and paint off the wood that will be varnished.

On November 6 we will apply the filler, starting at 8am. Those who are coming should wear old pants and shoes, the filler has been known to drip as can be seen on the shop floor.



Well, this little girl has a nice new dress.

November 6

Today we had six volunteers to apply the filler on the canvas. Chuck Cossaboom, Doug Deyoe, Stuart Fall, Jeff Morrill, Greg O'Brien and Mike Parr all took turns rolling on the filler and rubbing it into the canvas. The usual routine is to apply one coat that immediately soaks into the canvas, then we roll on a second coat that is vigorously rubbed into the canvas with mitts made up from leftover canvas. A third coat is then applied, this time we rub it out with vinyl gloves, it is a matter of rubbing, rubbing and then rubbing some more until the surface is nice and smooth. The smoother it is now the easier it will be to sand it down later when it is time to apply the primer and paint.

Now the canoe will be set aside for four or five weeks while the filler cures. When it is about as hard as a brick we will be able to start sanding.

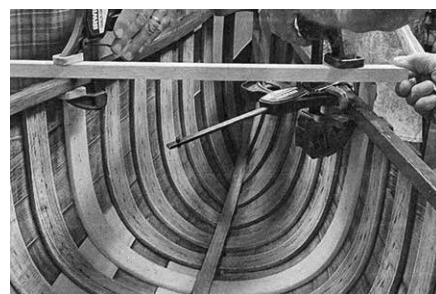
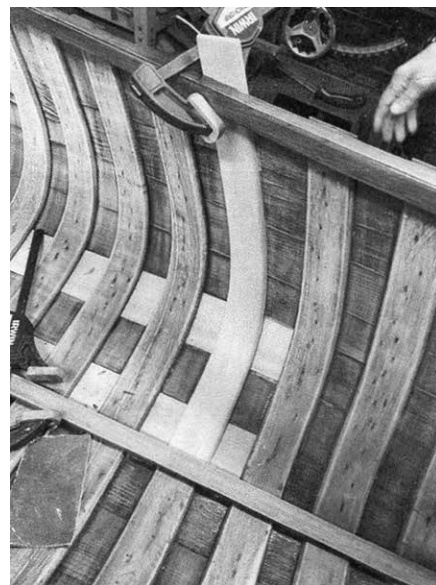
The excess canvas at the sheer line will remain in place until after the first coat of paint is on, then it will be trimmed even with the top edge of the planking, the rough edge will be covered by the mahogany outwale for a nice finished look.

This project is getting close to completion. Besides the new outwales we have the center thwart to reinstall. Jeff Morrill took it home and stripped and sanded it before applying a couple of coats of varnish. The two new seats have been made up, they will need to be trimmed to fit and bolted in place. The decks and gunwales will need a bit of sanding and varnishing, we have a new Old Town decal for the bow deck, that should be the final touch for this one.

Stuart Fall, Chuck Cossaboom, Doug Deyoe, Jeff Morrill, Mike Parr and Greg O'Brien with the filler applied to the Trapper.



September 30 Revisited, Photos Courtesy of Barry Goldberg



Chuck's New Pal

Chuck Cossaboom has recently embarked on a restoration project on a mid '60s Chestnut Pal that he found near his home in Newton. This Pal had been in one family since new and has seen a fair amount of use but no real abuse. A quick inspection showed a little rot at the ends, one cracked rib and a few areas of cracked planking in addition to the glaring need for new canvas and the usual seat repairs.

The Chestnut Pal was sold from about 1950 until 1959 as a 16' pleasure canoe, 32" wide and 12" deep. With the 1 1/2" ribs it was joined by the 14' Playmate and the 15' Chum. In 1960 the Pal's beam suddenly jumped to 36". It has been said that they made this

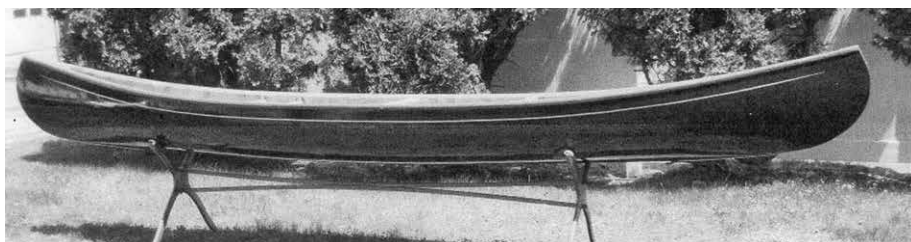
change to make this model more stable as that is what the market was calling for. This Pal is one of the wider ones.

Chuck Cossaboom and Stuart Fall inspecting the 16' Pal.



Stevens Sweet Sixteen

A new build from Stevens Canoe Works is a 16' Sweet Sixteen made from the best materials available, clear northern white cedar ribs and planking, Sitka spruce inwales, mahogany outwales and all maple decks, seats and thwarts. Hand caned seats and #10 canvas, all fasteners are brass or bronze. Finished in Epifanes Deep Red with a hand painted gold stripe accenting the sheer line, this canoe has never been in the water. The lines for the Sweet Sixteen were taken from a Chestnut Pal and it is a joy to paddle. At 72lbs it is not too hard to carry on the portage trail. Asking price is \$3,750, located in Groveland, Massachusetts. Contact Steve Lapey at Stevens Canoe Works, (978) 374-1104 or stevenscanoe@gmail.com.



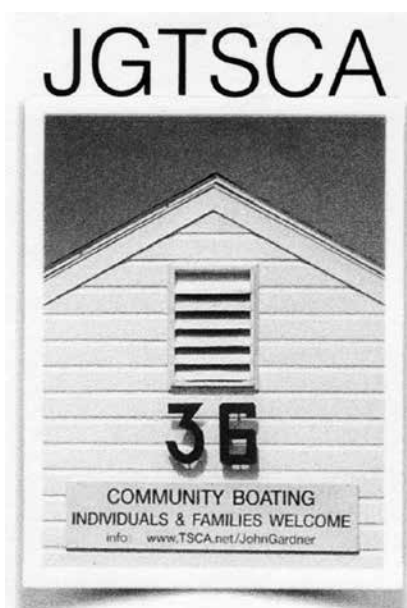
Fellow JGTSCA member Cookie Wierski said that (this piece's title) one afternoon as we closed up the shop after another wonderful afternoon working on a 17' Dion Dory, the White Dory. The two of us, along with another JGTSCA member, Ian Bradley, had been picking, filling, epoxying, sanding and painting for about a month and, as we closed the door for the night, the dory was starting to look close to finished.

With the launch only a few days off, we were feeling pretty good. We had begun the project in mid September when it seemed the cold couldn't possibly arrive, after Cookie, Bill Rutherford, Phil Behney, Dan Nelson and I took a look at the punky rot spots that marred this otherwise fantastic boat. Her bones suggested she had been a professional build, well selected materials, dynamite riveting, great planking, all of it told us this was a great boat into which time had begun to sink its teeth.

Fresh water had pooled up against the forward sides of the frames away from the limber holes' freeing graces. Once there, the sweet water did its work with the pine planking, leaving about half a dozen spots of varying degrees of rot. Some areas rotted completely through, others just down to the false bottom, and still more just carried "that look" that said something was amiss. Aside from those spots, however, she looked great, she just needed someone to steward her back to readiness.



How to go about doing that had the five of us staring at the hull in the John Gardner TSCA shop on a beautiful September afternoon. One approach would be to replace planking, but given how localized the rot was and how much would have to be disassembled (at least to this neophyte's eyes), that seemed impractical. Bill pointed out that traditionally the owner would have chinked the holes to wring a few more seasons out of her, and Dan recounted how his grandfather always kept some oil cloth handy to push into any evident gaps in their family's boat.



"Small Boats Build Big Communities"

The White Dory and New Beginnings

By Matt McKenzie

Both approaches had many advantages and drawbacks and, as four of us hemmed and hawed, opined and ruminated, Dan simply and quietly picked up a chisel and started picking at the rot spots. We all took that as a sign, at least I did, this boat would get the TLC she needed in a traditional manner, making and mending, chinking and clinking. And, with Bill smiling at me, I also knew I swallowed this project whole, hook, bait, line and sinker. She called to me, needed me and I her and, what the hell, I had a little time this fall.



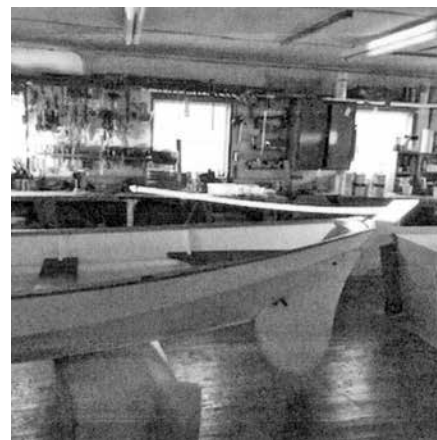
After picking out the rot, we installed custom cut and shaped dutchmen. Cookie had studied boat building in Maine and, while I was nominally the person responsible for the final decisions, I quickly learned from them, a) a ton about how to do this, and b) Cookie knew far more about what to do than I did. So what developed was a perfect combination of

expertise detached from management decision making that gave everyone plausible deniability should things go wrong, but an equal share of the glory if things went right.

Given the decision to use dutchmen and not replace planking, Cookie also raised questions about the level of effort for other elements needing attention, do we strip and bleach the rails? Do we hold up work until we found the perfect wood to replace the shoe or do we follow Gardner's mantra, "use what you've got?" Soon Cookie and I developed an evaluative benchmark we dubbed the "epoxy threshold," given how much epoxy we were using to address the rot spots, was doing something ridiculously detailed really warranted? Is "perfect" really justifiable when we're just hoping to breathe a few more years of life into the old girl?

In fact, that restraint and level of effort context became the most difficult parts of the job. I'm not saying we cut corners or did shoddy work. But on a well used boat such as this, a level of care called for in a new build simply didn't make sense. I used stainless screws instead of bronze when replacing some gusset planks, as an example, but because I had some leftover mahogany lying about, I did use that for the new gussets anyway. Was bunging the screw holes in the new floorboards really worth the time or could we use uncountersunk stainless oval headed screws? These were the questions Cookie and I debated the most as we filled, sanded, primed, sanded, painted, sanded, painted, sanded.

One element on which Cookie was not willing to compromise was the brightwork, she would see that would be done properly. Ian witnessed most of these disputations with a smile. While we haggled, Ian listened, adding important points but generally lightening the mood. And one afternoon, as we all were busily tending to our respective projects, Cookie and I looked up to hear Ian's magnificent voice singing some English folk song in the afternoon autumn sun. Always cheerful, always laughing, always happy to put his talents to good use, Ian, in fact, finished out the dory's "epoxy triumvirate."



With Cookie's and Ian's expertise, and my willingness to do the needful, unhindered by my lack of skill most days, we formed a tight team of complementary personalities, talents and expertise. We respected one another and the dory itself, but most importantly, we respected the social space the shop had become for us. Working on the dory, either alone or together, became a high point for our weeks. Even if only for an hour, the shop allowed us to put the abstract world aside and see for ourselves what a tight group of

mutually respecting people could do together.

And that aura, for it was a glow that the three of us all felt this past fall, was both exciting and saddening as we closed up shop that evening on the rehabbed Dion dory, now wearing her proper Kirby “Maynard Bray Off White” topcoat. We were thrilled with the project’s outcome, we had successfully navigated the challenges of time, resources and repair efficacy (or so we hoped, we wouldn’t know until she launched) and brought new life to a proud boat that the JGTSCA could now use.

But we also saw a magical moment coming to a close, a moment that saw the shop become, ironically, a place of labor and ease, effort and relaxation, work and recreation. “We need another project,” Cookie said as we walked to our cars. “I don’t want this one to end.” And I agreed. This boat, this process and these two people became something bigger than just a boat project.

A few days later, and with a huge outpouring of support from the rest of the JGTSCA chapter, the White Dory launched on what would have been my father’s 89th birthday, which he would have loved to see. The chapter had always supported us unflinchingly in this work with everything from technical guidance to sheer enthusiasm and launch day proved no different. The dory swam wonderfully, rowed gloriously in a light swell coming onto the UCONN Avery Point beach and what little water she made stopped pretty quick.

All who wished took her out for a row and Cookie’s “goblin laff,” as they were rowed about, filled the morning air. Along with Dan, Bill and a host of other chapter members, my son Sam and wife Shannon and Ian’s wife Frances came down for the festivities. Additionally, chapter members we had never met before, for the three of us had joined in the pandemic, introduced themselves as they grabbed a piece of rail to help carry the White Dory down the beach.



In many ways White Dory’s launch day marked a beginning, a new post pandemic reopening of the chapter (I hope) and a new beginning for me with a new boat. Most of all, however, it marked not the end of golden moment working with two magnificent people, but a new beginning for the three of us as we get to know the chapter.

The Apprenticeshop News December Launchings

Photo Credits: Christine Cannella

In mid December nine apprentices launched six beautiful skiffs and two-year apprentice, Kyle von Neumann, graduated. The activity of the day was anchored in celebration and reflection. As two-year apprentice Joanie Park remarked of her first launch, “It was surreal, overwhelming, but also really rewarding. It’s hard to imagine how it all came together. It feels like magic!”



Launches are the culmination of months of hard work. The building process the first time, the builder often experiences a shift in perspective. Looking at it through is difficult. There are a lot of unknowns and frustrations, you have to struggle with self doubt, with your own personal strengths and limitations. Sometimes it feels as if you are stumbling through, unsure you’ll come out the other end. And it’s hard to ignore the imperfections and mistakes you know have been part of the build.



But when that boat touches the water for other peoples’ eyes, as a completed object, the boat takes on its own life. It becomes possible to see it as something separate from the process and feel satisfaction in its completion.



Head, Heart, Hands

The Apprenticeshop was founded by educator Lance Lee in 1972 within the complex of the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, Maine. It became a catalyst for the revival of traditional wooden boat building at a time when the craft and the apprentice way of learning were deemed to be extinct. The program’s design was inspired by the philosophy of Kurt Hahn, who maintained that education should encourage thought and action, not one or the other, but both at once. Lee chose boat building as his medium because he believed in its transformative power.

We still believe in this today. The hard skills we teach are the vehicle for exploring personal potential. At its core, the Apprenticeshop is about inspiring personal growth through craftsmanship, community and traditions of the sea. In line with this mission, hundreds of apprentices, interns, volunteers and visitors have passed through our doors and left changed, just as hundreds of wooden boats have left the shop floor for new lives on the water.

My Own Boatshop

My own boatshop, the Frankenwerke, had become not inspection ready. Not by a long shot. For a number of years I had rushed through one project after another without taking time to even admire my creations. And I never cleaned up the mountains of sawdust accumulating under the floor and on the tools. And the inevitable small shards and offcuts from expensive plywood and expensive cedar lumber had piled up in stacks and piles and simply was beginning to choke off all sensible walking and standing spots.

You might be able to put stuff away in drawers and boxes and to the backs of shelves and remember what you put where. Not this kid. If I don't see it, I don't got it any more. In fact, about a half dozen years back I took the place down to parade rest. I even painted the floor. Terra cotta, it was. The place was soooo put away and neat, I considered hiring a receptionist to deal with the inevitable tourists. But then I managed to drip 'pox and paint and stack lumber in front of the drawers and shelves and then, well. And somehow I actually knew where just about everything was.

I couldn't actually find a place to stand and reach for stuff. I continued to roll one boat after another in, and then out and sometimes back in. Stuff got built. Stuff got repaired. Stuff got invented.

Another few dump runs. Another few days of concentrating and moving stuff and mebbe you might come over and have a sit in the new found Moaning Chair. We could make popcorn in the new found microwave. I'll even put the coffee maker back online.

But time's a wastin'. Gotta get some sawdust manufactured and make some chips and shards and produce some more noise. Spring's comin'...



This Morning at Frankenwerke... Kinda Quiet...

The Christmas Elves had been using the shop for a few days and I didn't expect to find signs of actual "progress" on any of our myriad boat projects. So it was a bit of a surprise to see that somebody had been messing around with *Mojo the Tuglet*. Last I checked,

The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

somebody had decapitated a 24 volt monster of an electric motor and was trying to figure a way to mount it and tilt it up and steer with remote control from the helm.

There was a note from the Simplicate and Add Lightness Department, "No need to add a sailboat traveler and car and complex pivot and tensioning device." I guess they were talking about all that stuff that has accumulated on *Mojo's* afterdeck. Back by where somebody had mounted the metal portion of an old Laser rudder assembly on a poxed together "stern post" and had been working on a stub tiller.

If you squint and turn your head sideways, well, mebbe you can see it, too, or you'll have to wait for our mental Etch-A-Sketch power point to get back up on the screen.

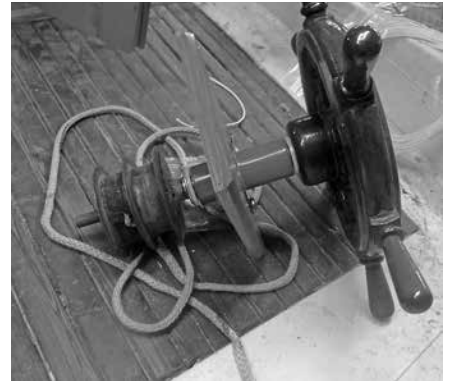


Mission for Mojo

We've got a mission for *Mojo the Tuglet* in late April. Yep. The Depoe Bay Boatshow is back on!!! I figure to have "something cute" to put on display. I just ordered a steam whistle and air pump for *Mojo the Tuglet*. Most of the little kids we get to meet at such gatherings like to blow the steam whistle.

This Big Kid, too. Last night I was twee-depharting around with some sort of steering for that tugboat.

So far it looks promising. A few dead-eyes and turning blocks, a coil of that new-fangled Spectra cordage, the axle carrier outa an old wheel barrow, some copper sleeves, a really long 1/2" carriage bolt and a few dabs of JB Weld, and the piece de resistance, a hand-made wheel from the skilled hands of the maestros at the Lucas Happy Hour and Boat-building aggregation at the FAMOUS Tiki Hut of Bradenton. Yep. We've got friends in lowwwwwww places, huh? So far it's looking like it oughta work.



Mojo Floats!

All of a sudden I decided it would be an OK sort of day to take little *Mojo* down to the local wet spot and see if she still knows how to swim. The last time she was in the water was a couple of years ago and back then she was an open ragboat. So, now that she has become quite something else again, well, it would be good to know how things are going before adding more stuff.

Shall we say that I was absent the day they taught naval architecture. And the day they taught engineering, I was out in the hallway trying to get a date for the Sadie Hawkins sock hop, well, yeah, the girl's supposed to ask but, well, some of us can get desperate. So I'd been hoping we could get in a float test before winter got here for real. I invited Sam.

Sam sort of has a hand in this, too. This boat that is becoming a tuglet was once his father-in-law's boat. I got it from Sam's son who had his grandfather's boat stored in his chicken barn. I'm still not so sure how I came to bring that Glen-L 13 home. But that was probably eight years or so ago.

But there's more to this story. Sam's father-in-law Manfred was a surviving WWII Luftwaffe pilot. I never met him but we have "conversations" when I'm working on his once boat. So as we headed down to the ramp I asked Sam if he thought Manfred would approve of what I had done to his boat. We both sort of decided that the Teutonic side of his household would probably not completely agree with my sort of improvisation.

So then, some more of the story came up. I asked Sam if maybe *Mojo* might be more what his own dad might have recognized, the improvisation part? Sam's dad was an American Dogface GI who survived the Battle of the Bulge and was among the first American units to cross the Rhine (under fire). Yeah. I understand that everybody got along at Sam and Karine's wedding. And out of all that I got a sweet, probably 50-year-old wooden boat, one that probably knows more than she lets on.

As we got to the ramp our sunny, warm-ish day was rapidly turning dark, cold and windy. I think we had grauple, then hail, then snow, then some rain, then, well, we didn't spend a whole lot of time sitting in lawn chairs out on the fantail. But. That little girl is gonna be just fine. I gotta admit it, that little boat just makes me grin.



"Living in the Moment???"

I mumble to myself sometimes, "I don't have to LIKE this, but I do have to DO THIS" when I find that decisions I've made have led to commitments that now must be fulfilled. That's how I was cheering myself on as my 5 ton, 30' auxiliary sailboat began the elevator ride up, and up, and uppppppp just outside the jetty leading into Mission Bay a few miles north, around the corner from Point Loma. The entrance was officially "closed."

We had a strong ebb rushing out to meet a southerly gale. I had put myself and my friend Val in this lousy position back at the fuel dock in Oceanside. There was this quite ancient Columbia 26 taking on gas for the pretty small outboard, hanging there on that scissor bracket. The lady pouring gas, and then a dollop of two stroke oil, into that portable tank told me that she had just bought the boat. This was a first outing. She had a half dozen of her lady friends and one small boy along for the ride. She was hoping to make it back to San Diego before dark. Well. It was only afternoon. Val and I were transiting *Raindance* from Ventura County back to San Diego. With characteristic hubris I made that offer, the one that later committed us to a questionable sleigh ride, "You'll be OK. I'll stick with you."

I don't recall I've ever bailed out on anybody in trouble, hardly ever on folks in embarrassment or inconvenience either. I don't think that idea even intruded into that "in the moment" thing that we found ourselves doing. As the prevailing NW winds backed around to a building blow from down Mexico way, things began to deteriorate over on the Columbia 26.

We had them on Channel 69 and it might have been sort of comical if it didn't become so damn serious. I found myself down at the chart table "giving sailing lessons" over the VHF. Thank God, Val was an accomplished sailor and experienced solo skipper in her own right, she had to sail *Raindance* while I "sailed" the other boat by entreaty, cajole and even a reasonable Captain Bligh impersonation. As it got rougher, and then even rougher, the other boat started calling for rescue.

Nobody in authority seemed real interested to coming out there. Apparently no assets available just then. I got them back over to 69 and tried to reason. Yeah, I know, one of those tiger by the tail things. I told them over and over about how it was more dangerous to attempt to transfer all those people from one perfectly good boat to another out there. About how they would possibly lose somebody in the process. Or worse! They might lose the boat. Besides, nobody was offering to show up out there just then.

I got Mission Bay Lifeguard on the horn and explained what I suspect he had already pieced together from my hours long radio discourse. While nobody was supposed to be coming in or going out of that dangerously surging entrance, if I was declaring an emergency, well, they would put a boat on station just inside the rip rap. That's how it all happened like that.

Everybody got their sails down and tied off. *Raindance's* Diesel and the C-26's outboard were lit off. I said in my best command at sea voice, "JUST STAY BEHIND ME, just stay in my wake. We're going between those two rock walls.. It's gonna be OK," and then I had to go topside and take the helm.

I'll never forget how we flashed by that patrol boat. We were committed. I prayed that it would all work out, that the other boat wouldn't lose their collective nerve and try something impossible like turning around in that channel break. Yeah, I was mumbling, "I don't have to like this."

Nobody piled up on the rocks. Nobody went overboard. Most everybody on the other boat got out at the guest dock and kissed the parking lot. And yes, I did see an ad in the Boat Trader the next week for "Columbia 26. price reduced."

Hypothermia!

It's snowing here in AlmostCanada, well, that's what happens here at 48° north in early December. I came in from plowing with some pretty stiff and cold extremities. Got me to remembering how it wasn't always like this for me. You might say, I had the world by the proverbial tail. Kate and I lived aboard a never go anyplace power boat at the south end of San Diego Bay. I had a series of keel-boats in a slip just down the dock from home and I went sailing just about every day.

Familiarity can breed a bit of complacency. There are dangers that need to never be forgotten. Compared to the Salish Sea, even in the height of summer, San Diego Bay is a veritable bathtub. It was getting on toward dusk. The sun was just sort of floating on the horizon, out someplace in the Pacific.

Not a lot of boats sail down there due to it being only around a fathom deep at much of the normal tide range. My keel draggers needed around two-thirds of that to keep from going bump in the night. So it wasn't often that another boat would be out there. I could just let my boat sail herself and go below. I think that's what I had been doing when I stuck my head out of the companionway to check on distances from land and so forth.

Sometimes, especially at sea, you see something but it doesn't quite register on the first couple sweeps? Well, right in the glare of the sun was "something in the water." A floating boat fender? Maybe. Broken off kelp or seaweed? Maybe. I slipped auto from the tiller and sharpened up. I suppose, a quarter mile off.

Then there were two "somethings." Heads! Two people, bobbing around and a jet ski. They were a man and a boy. They were feebly attempting to swim and push that damn jet ski. I luffed up alongside, deployed my boarding ladder and quickly rigged a mooring line with largish bowline at the bitter end.

The man hoarsely asked me if I could give him some gasoline. The boy was just clinging to that infernal machine and looking very passive. The man was obviously more concerned with the machine than the boy. Not what you would expect from normal people, in normal circumstances.

It took some talking, but I got a line around the boy and hauled him aboard. And, while insisting that I would take care of his boat, I finally convinced the man to come closer to my ladder. Finally I had the two of them aboard and down below. *Plum Duff* had a cabin heater and sufficient bedding. I just let the two boats drift and immediately went to work getting those two warmed up. Even in San Diego people can go hypothermic and do some pretty outrageous things.

As I approached my 88th birthday last Thanksgiving, I was moved to look back at what small boats I have owned and what I have learned. I managed to list from memory 33 boats owned, seven were bought new, nine were homebuilt, two of those were sold before they were finished, five were used and restored before they were sold, 12 were used and not restored other than cleanup and minor repairs.

These included a Precision 24, two Hobie 16s, three Sea Pearls, two Hens, one Windsurfer, five kayaks, a couple of canoes and even three outboard runabouts. My favorite among these would be the Sea Pearl 21 monohull with water ballast.

Most were sold for the cost of materials. Some were sold at a modest loss. But I had one big winner (a Sea Pearl Tri) which made more than enough to cover all my losses and put me well in the green overall, mostly because I got a good buy, even when paying the asking price. That is, if you count my labor as free, which I do, as I enjoyed each project and each brought a tremendous feeling of accomplishment.

Considered as a hobby, small boats are certainly cheaper than golf! We met a lot of great people along the way, some of whom we still correspond with. In fact, I never met a bad apple in the whole bunch. Small boats just seem to attract great folks.

I have just sold the Trifoam 16 trimaran, which was probably my last build. That reduces the fleet to just two homebuilt kayaks, both about 12'x28". These are a Dave Gentry-designed Chuckanut 12 (now equipped with an as yet untested 12sf sailing rig) and a foam Sawfish 12 kayak based on an Instructable plan designed by Rowerwet. We can no longer handle rooftop transport on our Subaru Crosstrek so we have resorted to a Harbor Freight 4'x4' trailer with a 7' tongue extension and J kayak carriers installed.

If one is looking for the cheapest way to get afloat, regular exterior pine or fir plywood, glued with construction adhesive, with seams taped with epoxy/fiberglass tape and construction grade lumber, and painted with whatever comes to hand may be acceptable and will last for several years without much maintenance.

For builders who care more about craftsmanship and taking pride in how their boats look, I would advise using marine grade occoume ply. Such is not available within 300 miles and, for me, requires expensive shipping plus a 100-mile round trip to pick them up at a freight terminal. I am told fir marine plywood is available in Knoxville, which I need to check out. For lumber, I usually use the project lumber, pine, oak or poplar, which some use for cabinet work. It is usually straight and free of knots.

I built a couple of boats at first using what Dynamite Payson called underlayment, which seemed to have some sort of paper thin mahogany outer plies with a thick punk wood center ply. It looked great (especially varnished) but had very poor strength, even compared to the pine or fir ply available today. And if an edge became exposed to weather, even when inverted, the center ply would rot out, leaving an empty void. Guess how I know that?

That older underlayment is no longer available but there are now some tempting substitutes. One of these is a nicely grained birch ply suitable for cabinetry, whose maker claims to use waterproof glue between the

The Quandary What Is Next?

By Jim Brown

plies. However, this stuff did not pass the well known boil test. That fact caused me to destroy a partially built Michalak TriLars hull and start building the Trifoam 16 trimaran. Perhaps that plywood would have survived if covered with enough epoxy/fiberglass inside and outside. But if I were to go to that expense, I would have used better plywood to begin with.

I have now built two boats from 2" Dow closed cell foam (not styrofoam) from the Orange Store, Rowerwet's Sawfish 12 kayak and the Trifoam 16 trimaran of my own design. Both had been covered with 16oz/yd cotton duck canvas, painted with top grade acrylic primer and house paint and have been totally waterproof. Both used some minimal wood reinforcement in high stress areas to ensure adequate stiffness in use. I should note that all my boats reside in my garage and are never left in the water. Due to lack of availability of good boat building wood in this area, I think that any future builds may use similar construction and even may use stretch denim or similar to ease covering.

I have never (yet) built a boat from a kit but perhaps the makers of kits save enough by buying good wood and other materials in bulk that the price of the kit can be reasonable, especially considering the time saved and the precision of computer guided router cuts. I can see where these kits might be especially useful for small volume professional builders for whom time is money and who need to make some profit.

So the quandary remains, where do we go from here? Recently I was inspired by an article in the July/August 2021 issue of *MAIB* to explore the world of electric powered craft. I didn't even notice at first that the article was a reprint in the 25 Years Ago section.

The bottom of the article mentioned Stevenson Products in Del Mar, California. I was aware of the Stevenson Weekender sailboat design but had no idea of all the plans available for other interesting boats, vehicles, pedalcars and other plans available from these folks for very reasonable prices.

A google of Stevenson Products led to some email exchanges with Mike Stevenson, who encouraged me to look at what is available in such solar, battery trolling motor systems these days. I looked at used trolling motors on craigslist but some were very expensive or very much used compared to what is available online from Walmart and others, with store pickup (no shipping) for as little as \$119, with salt water models for \$188 plus tax.

Since we are interested in quiet evening cruises on the various TVA lakes nearby, my choice would be one of the new trolling motors. It is possible to just go with battery power and no solar panels and have several hours of operation with a small motor and larger batteries driving the boat at hull speed. However, at this point one of my wants is to have enough range with the solar panel charging the battery while the motor silently depletes the battery, thus longer range. More on battery and solar panel options later.

Many *MAIB* readers may own Jim Michalak's excellent book, *Boatbuilding For Beginners (and Beyond)*. There is an excel-

lent section called Powerboat Math, starting on page 137, which covers boat speed vs power and some info concerning electric trolling motors. The age old formula is speed in knots equals 1.34 times the square root of boat waterline length in feet. Displacement hull speed for a 12' boat is 4.6 knots, and for a 16' boat is 5.4 knots.

I also bought a book which discusses solar systems for the layman. From the many available on Amazon (\$14.95 plus tax and shipping), I chose *Off Grid Solar Power* by Sitav Bhadra and Paul Holmes, both solar engineers. That turned out to be a good choice. Other books may be very good as well.

The book discusses both on grid and off grid applications. Since we are talking boats, we can disregard the on grid stuff which involves many state, local and federal rules and regs. And for now I will stick with 12volt systems since that is what most stock components use as building blocks for 12-24-36-48 volt DC applications.

The basics for a small boat are:

Solar Panel, which converts sunlight to electrical power and charges the battery. Several types are available, of which Monocrystalline (panel appears black) is the most efficient and more expensive. Polycrystalline is less efficient, therefore larger for the same capacity, and appears blue. Thin Film is the least efficient and least expensive but is good for partial sun applications. For small boat applications I would recommend Monocrystalline because of space. Panel prices are continuing to drop with a good 100watt Mono now starting under \$100. Think about space available to mount panels.

Mounting System, to keep the panel aboard. Think stainless or aluminum if in salt water.

Controller, which protects the battery or batteries from uneven solar panel output due to variations in sunlight. Available in less expensive PWM (Pulse Width Modification) type which requires solar panel and battery to have matching voltages, and MPPT (Maximum Power Point Tracking) type, which do not require matching voltages, can tolerate higher voltages, is 10%-20% more efficient and significantly more expensive.

Note: Kits are now available which include solar panel(s), mounting brackets, cables and/or PWM or MPPT controllers, with price depending on controller type. Prices start at under \$150.

Inverter, which converts DC to AC and may be located between the battery and any AC load. Only needed if you will add any AC appliances to your boat.

Battery or batteries to store electric power. As with anything else, there are several choices in many sizes, the better always being the more expensive. Any choice must be deep cycle, not auto or motor starting batteries which will have much shorter operating time before the charge gives out. I chose to look at batteries of 100Ah capacity.

Types of deep cycle batteries are:

FLLA (Flooded Lead Acid). Cheapest (under \$100), but require maintenance and will fail quickly if not maintained, with an expected life of two to three years. Cheapest initially, but more expensive over the long haul.

SLA (Sealed Lead Acid), which require no adding of water and can be mounted in any position. These may be AGM (Absorbed Glass Mat) (\$175-\$215) or Gel (\$190-\$220). Expected life of three to five years. No maintenance. More expensive but cheaper long-

term. FLA OR SLA batteries typically weigh about 60lbs.

Lithium Ion batteries are the latest state of the art, superior to the above batteries in size, weight, capacity, may last ten years or 7000 cycles and are available in many sizes for home systems, golf carts, ATVs, scooters, electric toys, etc. No maintenance. Most expensive initially (\$350+ for 100Ah, down from about \$500+ in the past six months) but cheaper over the long haul. Some include built-in BMS (Battery Management Systems), which may raise the cost of the battery, but may reduce system cost. Lithium-Ion batteries are much smaller and lighter, with 100Ah about 25lbs.

Note: Lithium Ion batteries may require a special type of plug-in battery charger.

Electric motor, which moves the boat. Assuming a trolling motor, they are available in various sizes, motor shaft lengths and in freshwater only and saltwater/freshwater versions. I found it better overall to look at new motors from various sources than try to find something used. Of special note are the various motors available from Walmart, Amazon and others from overseas manufacturers such as in Australia, China and other far eastern countries which are much less expensive but well rated by customers.

But enough of this preliminary planning. Time to take a more thorough look at my boat options:

Find a used boat of some sort on local craigslist. Could save both time and money but would probably be heavy for us to handle.

Build something lighter, perhaps a 16' two person version of the foam 12' kayak mentioned above. Perhaps just a cheap 12' skiff, using cheaper available materials, maybe even the 2" closed cell foam I used on the Sawfish and Trifoam with a roof set on poles to support the solar cells. Or perhaps a catamaran using my two existing kayak hulls and using a plywood center section on which to mount solar panels and battery.

To do this job right it would cost \$600+ plus the cost of a new boat and probably a trailer. Something from Option 2 above sounds better and better as I may already have the boats and trailer. Whatever the boat may turn out to look like, she will be named *Quandary*.

A trip to Walmart revealed that they no longer had a display of trolling motors and carried only one model which didn't even have a price tag on it. And there were no deep cycle batteries of any kind on display. They seemed to have abdicated this market to online sellers (including themselves) despite the many TVA fishing lakes nearby.

I am also considering going with just a trolling motor and a larger lithium ion deep-cycle battery at this prototype stage and leaving the solar panel range booster until a later stage. The price of trolling motors, lithium batteries and solar panels all seem to be dropping with increased competition among suppliers.

One concern about this whole trolling motor project is that even with the 40lb thrust saltwater motor from Amazon (\$189), which

has a three bladed propellor, the maximum speed is likely to be about 3.5mph due to low prop pitch, compared to a 16' hull speed of 5.4 knots. Might need a higher pitched prop to get more speed, which would draw more amps. So far I have not been able to find higher pitch props available.

The past couple of weeks revealed some health conditions with potentially serious consequences which need to be resolved before starting any new project. Will keep you posted on progress in my next installment. So, Faire Winds my friends (or Electrons, as the case may be).

Postscript

It is now about a month since I wrote this article. Things changed fast since I have attained my present age. I now realize that many of my intentions listed above are unrealistic given my actual remaining physical strength and energy, not to mention financial ability. Realistically, because of health problems experienced by one of us or the other, we have not been out on the water in the past three years. I will keep our two kayaks for now, hoping for some warmer weather paddling opportunities. My dream of building a solar powered electric boat will have to be picked up by others, perhaps by someone reading this article. For all practical purposes, I have "swallowed the anchor" but it is going down hard.

So, Faire Winds my friends (or Electrons, as the case may be).

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A Busy Day Yesterday

By Richard Honan

It was a busy day yesterday at the Honan Chowder and Boat Building Company. I am currently building a Doug Hylan designed "Oonagh," an 11'8" sailing pram. Last week we constructed the ladder frame and set up the station molds, along with the bow and stern transoms.

Yesterday my good friend Joseph Zambella, a long time boater and one design sailor, was my assistant. We made for a good team, exchanging barbs and insults as we installed the hog or inner keel. The hog or inner keel is a structural member that connects the bow and stern transoms. What made it difficult was the considerable amount of stress (and Joe's refusal to follow instructions) or bending we had to do to get the hog or keel in place so that we could epoxy and screw it in place.

Several years ago during the renovations to a new addition to my daughter's house, I was given a cut off piece of the mahogany that was used in fabricating that massive exterior door. It was a triangular piece about 18" long and 2 1/2" thick. It was more a piece scrap, a thick odd shaped leftover. Well, yesterday I found the perfect use for that odd shaped piece of mahogany. I needed to fabricate two structural corner knees to reinforce the connection between the hog or keel and the bow and stern transoms. I copied the required angles, drew the shapes and cut the two knees on the band saw.

After a couple of hours, with some inventive clamping along some back and forth insults, we got the hog or inner keel epoxied and fastened in place. I'm very thankful for Joe's assistance and for listening to my long stories about my wonderful childhood.

Next I'm bringing back the A-Team, Dave and Gus, known as the fabulous Brewin brothers. We will be attaching the two bottom planks of 3/8" okoume plywood. Stay tuned!



And Another One Today

By Richard Honan

Another busy day boat building with the fabulous Brewin Brothers, Dave and Gus. Truth be told, it took two of them to replace Joe Zambella. But it seems no one remembers to bring some donuts? Today's project was to epoxy and fasten the two bottom planks to the inner keel along with the bow and stern transoms. Dave and Gus predrilled most of the required fastener holes while I mixed up the epoxy.

Before applying the epoxy we did a dry fit of the port side plywood panel. There was a little dissension with my plan to cut the panels to the required length. It was painful but I had to agree they were correct. In less than three hours we had both bottom planks epoxied and fastened in place. We removed all of the epoxy squeeze out and filled all of the countersink screw holes.



"The Three Leprechauns"

Driftwood Images

By Richard Honan



Scarfig wood together dates back ages. Scarfig is the process of cutting corresponding angles (or sometimes shapes) on two similar pieces of wood and gluing them together to create a larger piece of lumber or plywood. The most common place scarfig is used is in building a stitch-and-glue canoe or kayak.

I had plans to build two kayaks over the winter, with five scarfs on each hull. I'd only done a few scarf joints over the years so this was an excellent opportunity to learn the pros and cons of the WEST System® 875 Scarferr. There are several different ways to join plywood but, for stitch-and-glue construction, scarfig allows more of a natural bend to the wood that you can't achieve with a butt block or a half lap joint. The 875 Scarferr is an excellent tool for cutting the 8-to-1 scarf needed for plywood. It's ideal for plywood up to 1/4" (6mm). For plywood 1/4" (6mm) to 1/2" (12mm), the scarf needs hand finishing due to the depth of the saw blade.

Like any new woodworking tool, there is a little setup time required. You will need to drill holes in the baseplate of your circular saw. Check the alignment of the holes on the base plate before drilling. Some saws may have added support or a bracket that could interfere. It's rare, but possible. Follow the directions included with the Scarferr on laying out the holes and drilling. Then bolt the guide and guard onto the saw. If you pick up a cheap saw at a rummage sale you can leave the guard on the saw, saving you the trouble of bolting and unbolting the Scarferr every time you need to make a scarf.

Instead of trying to scarf two sheets of plywood together, I precut my panels to the size needed for the hull. This way, my longest scarf is 12 1/2" and I don't have to handle a 4'x16' sheet of plywood once scarfed together. The downside is that I have to set up, square, and cut ten separate pieces.

The instructions called for a piece of 2"x4" to be clamped on the end of a table to act as a fence to run the guide along. The end of the plywood you are scarfig needs to stick out 3 5/8" from the fence and 3 1/2" from the edge of the table. The goal here is to provide enough room under the plywood so the attachment has clearance and doesn't hit the table. On the topside, the guide will overlap the table by 1/8". This is to support the guide so the weight does not bend the plywood.

I thought the setup was a lot of work to go through ten times for each boat. To make things simpler, I cut a couple of stopper blocks notched by 1/8". I screwed these onto my 2"x4" to offset it 1/8" back from the edge of the table.

Closeup of the stopper block notched by 1/8".



Getting to Know the Scarferr

By Terry Monville, GBI Technical Advisor
Reprinted from *Epoxyworks*
Newsletter of Gougeon Brothers
WEST System Epoxies



With my new setup I could lay down my strip of plywood and place the fence assembly over the top. While holding the fence assembly flush to the edge of the table, and using my combination square, I squared up my plywood with the end of the piece 3 5/8" from the fence. When everything was perfectly aligned, I clamped the 2"x4" fence to the table, therefore clamping the plywood between the 2"x4" and the table, too. Now I'm ready to cut my scarf. A few months later, when I start the second boat, I'll just pull my fence and scarfig saw from the shelf. I'll be able to cut the ten panels and epoxy them together in about an hour.



Squaring the plywood to the fence in preparation for scarfig.

A Few Scarfig Tips

A couple of practice cuts on some scraps is worth the time and material. I went a bit overboard on this, trying not to goof things up. This experimentation is how we learn and have a remedy ready when a customer contacts us. Through this, I found out about the saw twisting. Once the guide is more than halfway off the plywood, the saw's weight wants the front of the saw to tilt down to the table (1/8" lower than the surface of the plywood). The back of the blade is now cutting off a little extra. I tried using a small piece of wood the same thickness as I was scarfig to help support the guide, but I found it just got in the way. It wasn't worth the trouble. Just be aware that the saw wants to tilt and holding it level works great.

I also added a second 2"x4" clamp. Clamping the fence alone did not hold the plywood tight enough to hold it still while making my cuts. I added a second 2"x4" a little ways behind the fence for added clamping pressure. I continued to use the double clamp for the rest of my scarfig.



Before scarfig, the fence clamped to the plywood with additional secondary clamped 2"x4".

Waiting for the blade to stop at the end of the cut, before pulling the saw away from the wood, was another big improvement in my technique. This helps prevent twisting the saw and gouging the wood.

Avoiding Scarfig Mistakes

If you have the end of your plywood sticking out too far (more than 3 3/4" from the fence) it will take it deeper into the sawblade and scallop the edge of your scarf. If the end of the plywood is not out far enough (less than 3 1/2" from the fence) your scarf will have a flat end and will not blend in smoothly.



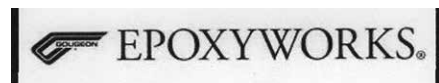
Cutting the scarf at an 8-to-1 bevel.

Do not adjust the angle of the saw blade between cuts. Both mating pieces need the same bevel.

Make sure to mark the side you are planning to cut the bevel on. One bevel faces up and the other down. If you have a "good side" to the plywood (or have already started shaping your panel) and you cut both bevels on the topside, it's a real bummer. Not saying that hasn't happened to me, but it won't happen again, I hope.

Once I had everything set up (which wasn't too complicated) and was done playing around trying to goof things up, things went smoothly and quickly. I find the 875 Scarferr a great addition to my toolbox.

(This entry was posted in Shop Tricks and tagged *Epoxyworks* 53, Fall 2021, scarfig, Terry Monville, The Scarferr on August 24, 2021 by Grace Ombry.)



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Published twice a year (September and March) by Gougeon Brothers, Inc, *Epoxyworks* is a magazine about building, restoring and repairing with epoxy. It offers helpful tips, the latest techniques, projects you can build, readers' projects and news from the Gougeon research and test labs.

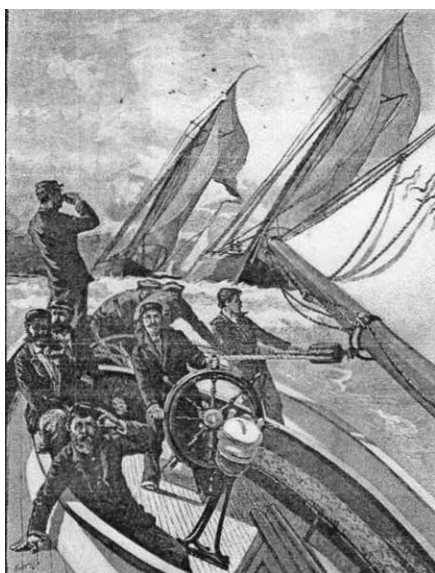
epoxyworks.com



Christmas Angel of Wooden Boats

By Richard Honan

The Christmas Angel of wooden boats. Constructed of old wooden boat parts, bits of copper wire, bronze hardware that washed ashore on the beaches of New England. A gift for my younger daughter Christine.



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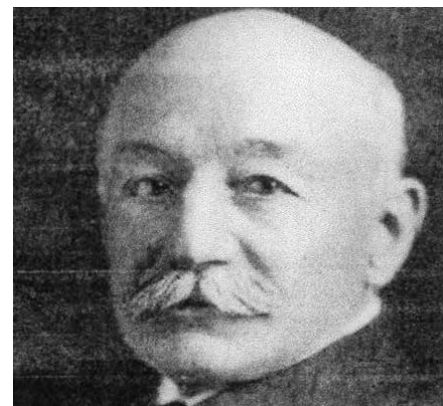


For well in excess of 100 years racing sailing canoes has fascinated, exasperated, intrigued and even infuriated some of the world's great sailors. Along the way decked canoes have provided the earliest known recorded planing boats, the second longest standing international sailing event, an enormous amount of idiosyncratic fun and the ability to go upwind like a stiletto through butter. Sailors who become smitten with the class's unique challenge often stay sailing them for decades.

The key features of the Canoe are its relatively small but highly efficient rig, its long, slim and lightweight hull, and, of course, that sliding seat. The "plank" is key to the experience. There's something very unique about sailing your boat from your perch some feet from the windward side and, while all is going well, it's a surprisingly relaxing experience. Physically it's generally less demanding than a trapeze or wings but it does bring some extra handling challenges.

Who Was Paul Butler? ACA Yearbook 1925

ACA number 754, Life Member 10 Vesper Canoe Club Wasp sail canoe. Few of this generation realize to what extent the sport of decked sailing is indebted to Paul Butler. In the early days the canoe had no bulkheads or self bailing cockpit, was unmanageable after an upset, could carry only some 50sf or 60sf of sail with the sailor sitting on the deck and was steered with rudder chains and a short fore and aft tiller. Butler was an inventive genius, designed this fastest sailing craft. Besides the sliding seat he added bulkheads, self bailing cockpit, the Norwegian tiller, clutch cleats, hollow spars, reeling gears and many other appliances. He designed his own boats, was always ready to share and give his time in coaching.



The Paul Butler Trophy

Deed of Gift

I, Joanna H. Butler, widow of Paul Butler, late of Lowell, Massachusetts, in order to promote and sustain interest in the sport of decked canoe sailing, in which the said Paul Butler was deeply interested, do hereby give, grant, transfer and deliver to the American Canoe Association, a corporation organized under the laws of Ontario, Canada, a silver cup to be known and inscribed as "The Paul Butler Trophy," which shall be a perpetual trophy to be competed for annually in a race of decked sailing canoes over a course of not less than six miles, open to all who have not won, within a period of two years, the trophies of said Association known as the "Sailing Trophy," the "Mab Trophy" or the "Mermaid Trophy." Said cup is to be held for one year in the custody of the winner of said race upon such terms and conditions as shall be prescribed by the Board of Governors of the American Canoe Association.

I do hereby further give, grant, transfer and pay to said American Canoe Association, the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) to be held under the control of the Board of Governors of said Association as a trust fund, the income thereof to be used, so far as necessary, to provide each year a follow prize which shall be a miniature of the above mentioned Paul Butler Trophy, and shall be awarded to, and shall be the property of, the winner of the race for said Paul Butler Trophy. The balance of the annual income from said fund of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) shall be used, so far as necessary, for the expense of inscribing the Paul Butler Trophy with the name of the winner of the annual race, which said marking shall be done under the direction of the Board of Governors of said Association; the balance of said income, if any, remaining shall be used by the Board of Governors for the encouragement of the sport of decked canoe sailing in such manner as said Board of Governors shall determine.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and seal this fifth

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and seal this fifth day of May, 1924.

(Signed) Joanna H. Butler. [Seal]

NOTE: The "PAUL BUTLER TROPHY" not having been completed at the date of publishing the Year Book a cut of the same could not be obtained.



INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP

Won for the New York Canoe Club by PAUL BUTLER in the canoe WASP in 1885.

Butler, weighing only 110 pounds, invented the sliding deck seat, added bulk heads, self bailing cockpit and the Norwegian tiller, and invented the most wonderful hollow spars ever made. He invented the clutch cleats for the sheet lines, reefing gears and many other appliances used in the enormous rigs carried before sail area was limited. From a craft, little better or more sea-worthy than our present open cruising canoe, he developed by his inventive genius, the fastest sailing craft for its displacement that the world has ever seen, a sea-worthy, unsinkable boat capable of a speed of fifteen miles an hour. He designed his own boats, and started W. F. Stevens, a shell builder, to building canoes that, after thirty-five years, are still in fine condition and among our fastest. He was always ready to share his inventions with all canoeists, and to give his time in coaching and training others to sail. He was universally acknowledged as our best sailor, but his greatest pleasure in the sport was in the victory of some man he had trained. His high ideals of sportsmanship and his natural modesty developed among his competitors an admiration and enthusiasm for him and his achievements that have never been equalled in the history of the Association. If asked how he won a certain race his explanation was brief; he had good luck! If he lost, he said he couldn't sail fast enough! He never had any excuses or "alibis."

Every man who has sailed on a sliding seat in a good breeze of wind, and experienced the thrill of the speed, owes a debt of gratitude for the invention and development of the finest of all water sports to the memory of Paul Butler.

H. DUDLEY MURPHY.



PAUL BUTLER TROPHY

The rise of the cedar sailing canoe in America in the final quarter of the 19th century was little short of meteoric, and its decline came with equal suddenness. Looking back across the years at what has happened with boats and boating since, it would seem that the glorious days of varnished cedar and white sails had scarcely begun before they were finished.

Before the 1890s were over, the classic cedar canoe had toppled from its pinnacle and was swept aside by the surging competition of newly arrived bicycles, canvas canoes, gas marine engines, and larger yachts, followed by automobiles and a great deal more. But now, nearly 100 years later, interest appears to be turning again to the cedar-planked canoes, although, it must be added, to only a limited extent as yet. Whether anything like a full-fledged revival will come out of this remains to be seen, but here and there an occasional survivor from this bygone era is being restored, and a scattering of new ones are being built.

At a time when larger yachts are fast pricing themselves out of reach and out of sight, the old-time sailing canoe has much to offer the adventurous sailor — as much, or more, in a small package than is to be found in many a larger and more costly yacht.

The thrills of racing competition have wide appeal, it is true, and the old sailing canoes are probably best remembered as racing canoes, but their potential for the more relaxed pleasures of cruising should be equally considered.

For the first 10 years or so after the introduction of canoe sailing into this country from England in about 1870, and until the organization of the American Canoe Association and its first meet at Lake George in 1880, cruising canoes

Sailing Canoe Exciting Boat For Cruising

By John Gardner

predominated. During the 1880s, largely because of ACA influence, canoe racing pushed to the fore. The result was highly specialized racing canoes which did not serve the broader recreational needs of the time. This shortcoming undoubtedly contributed to the decline of planked cedar and basswood canoes when less costly and more adaptable means for satisfying those recreational needs appeared, notably canvas-covered canoes like J. Henry Rushton's Indian Girl. It was the Indian Girl, more than

anything else, that brought Rushton's business back and saved it from near bankruptcy during the critical time following the financial panic of 1892.

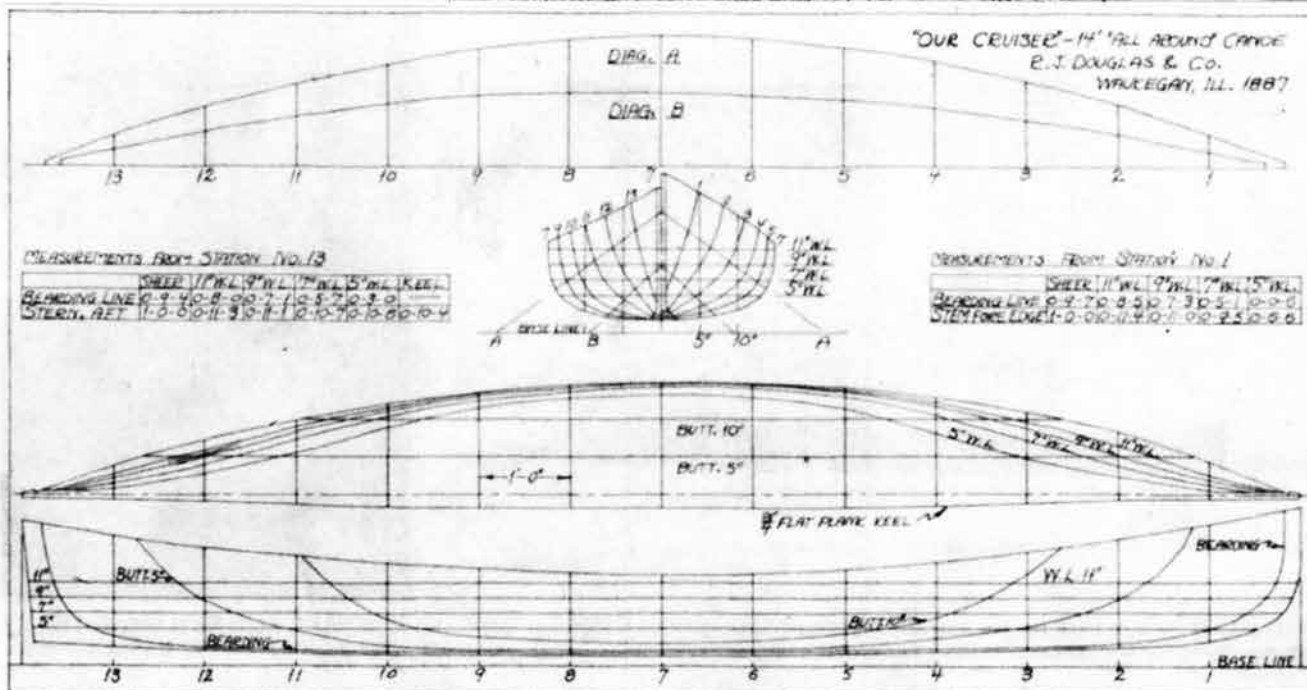
The general-purpose cruising canoe, rather than the highly specialized racing canoe, has the greater appeal today. In addition, such canoes are not too difficult for amateur construction. Although present opportunities for cruising with sail and paddle are considerably curtailed compared to what they were 100 years ago, there are still large areas for the cruising canoe that are relatively uncrowded and uncontaminated. Puget Sound and much of the Great lakes still offer spectacular opportunities for this type of boating.

Just a few weeks ago, three men rowed a 17' Swampscott dory the more than 200 miles around Long Island. They took their time, stopping along the way to eat and sleep, and enjoyed themselves immensely — just the sort of cruise for which the right

"OUR CRUISER", 14' CEDAR CANOE. R.J. DOUGLAS & CO. WAUKEGAN, ILL. 1887

	STATIONS	STEM	1	2	3	4	5	7	9	10	11	12	13	STERN
HEIGHTS	SHEER	1-8-4	1-6-6	1-4-6	1-3-0	1-1-4	1-0-5	1-0-0	1-0-6	1-1-4	1-2-4	1-4-1	1-5-2	1-6-5
	BEADING L	—	0-4-4	0-2-0	0-2-4	0-2-1	0-2-0	1-6-0	1-6-0	1-7-0	2-0-6	2-3-0	4-0	—
	OUTER KEEL	—	0-3-1	0-2-3	0-2-1	0-1-6	0-1-5	0-1-3	0-1-3	0-1-4	0-1-5	0-2-0	0-2-4	0-3-0
	BUTT. 5"	—	—	0-8-6	0-5-1	0-3-4	0-2-4	0-2-0	0-2-1	0-2-5	0-4-0	0-8-4	—	—
	BUTT. 10"	—	—	—	1-0-0	0-6-3	0-4-1	0-3-0	0-3-6	0-6-1	—	—	—	—
HALF-BREATHS	SHEER	0-0-4	0-4-7	0-8-1	0-11-0	1-0-6	1-2-0	1-2-6	1-1-4	1-1-0	0-10-0	0-7-2	0-4-0	0-0-4
	WL 11"	0-0-4	0-3-0	0-6-3	0-9-6	1-0-2	1-1-6	1-2-6	1-1-3	1-1-0	0-9-1	0-6-2	0-3-0	0-0-4
	WL 9"	0-0-4	0-2-2	0-5-1	0-8-0	1-1-4	1-1-4	1-2-5	1-1-0	1-1-0	0-8-0	0-5-3	0-2-3	0-0-4
	WL 7"	0-0-4	0-1-4	0-3-6	0-7-1	1-0-1	1-0-3	1-0-6	1-0-3	1-0-3	0-7-0	0-4-1	0-1-5	0-0-4
	WL 5"	0-0-4	0-0-6	0-2-0	0-4-6	0-8-1	1-0-1	1-1-1	1-1-1	1-0-1	0-8-7	0-5-3	0-2-7	0-0-4
	FLAT KEEL	0-0-4	0-0-7	0-0-7	0-1-2	0-1-5	0-1-6	0-1-6	0-1-6	0-1-5	0-1-2	0-0-7	0-0-4	0-0-4
	DIAGONAL A	0-0-5	0-4-3	0-8-0	1-1-1	1-1-5	1-3-6	1-5-1	1-3-3	1-1-3	0-10-0	0-7-0	0-4-0	0-0-5
	DIAGONAL B	0-0-5	0-2-0	0-4-2	0-6-1	0-7-5	0-8-6	0-9-3	0-9-3	0-8-6	0-7-0	0-4-4	0-2-3	0-0-5

MEASUREMENTS TO INSIDE OF PLANKING AT THE BEADING OF STEM, STERN, POST & KEEL IN FEET, INCHES, EIGHTHS. DIAGONAL "A" 4" ABOVE BASE LINE, OUT 1"-9/8" ON BASE LINE. DIAGONAL "B" 9" ABOVE BASE LINE, OUT 9/8" ON THE BASE LINE.

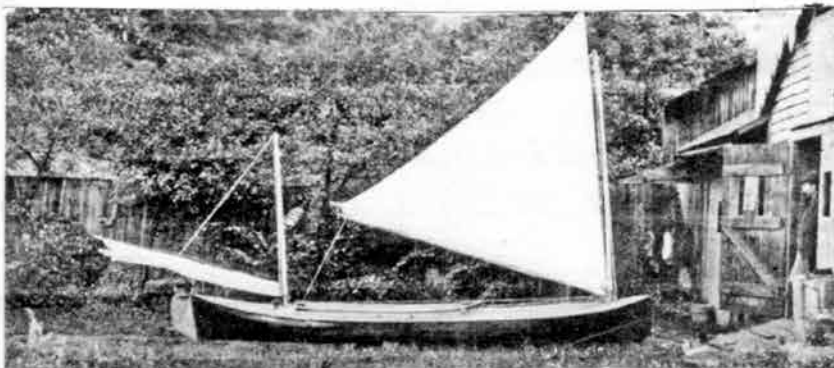


LINES AND OFFSETS for Our Cruiser, a popular 14' cedar canoe from the R.J. Douglas & Co. shop, are given here by John Gardner. The sail plan, as shown in the catalog, is on p. 92.

kind of sailing canoe is eminently suited. It also would be suitable for an afternoon spin, an overnight trip, a weekend excursion or perhaps even such an extended voyage as S.R. Stoddard completed in 1885 when he sailed his canoe, the Atlantis, from Glens Falls in upstate New York to the upper reaches of the Bay of Fundy. A contemporary news clipping that appeared while Stoddard was en route gives the flavor of this adventure:

"AN ADVENTUROUS CRUISE — Mr. S.R. Stoddard of Glens Falls has begun his 2,000-mile trip in his canoe, the Atlantis. He left Glens Falls on Tuesday, the 7th inst., and arrived in New York — at the Knickerbocker Club boathouse — Friday evening last. He will sail along the north shore of Long Island Sound to New Bedford, across Buzzards Bay to Woods Hole, through the Vineyard and Nantucket sounds to Chatham Roads, around Cape Cod, across to Plymouth, along the coast to Boston and north to St. John, across the Bay of Fundy to Arcadia, up the basin and river of Minas to Truro, up the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Montreal, through Lake Champlain and thence home. The canoe was built under the instructions of Mr. Stoddard, himself. It is 18 ft. long, 3 ft. wide, 18 in. deep, draws 8 in. of water, and carries two sails of a pattern of the owner's invention. Mr. Stoddard, though having no fears of his safety, is alive to the fact that his course will encounter the dangers of Point Judith, the long stretch of coast at Cape Cod, with the sweep of the Atlantic, the Bay of Fundy fogs and high tides, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He will be accompanied by Professor Charles Oblenis, who joined him at Albany on the trip down."

It will be noted that Stoddard's Atlantis was somewhat larger than many of that period's canoes, as would be necessary to carry two travelers safely and with some degree of comfort on a long voyage across wide stretches of open ocean. The lines of Stoddard's canoe, built for him by Fletcher Joyner, former Adirondack guide and one



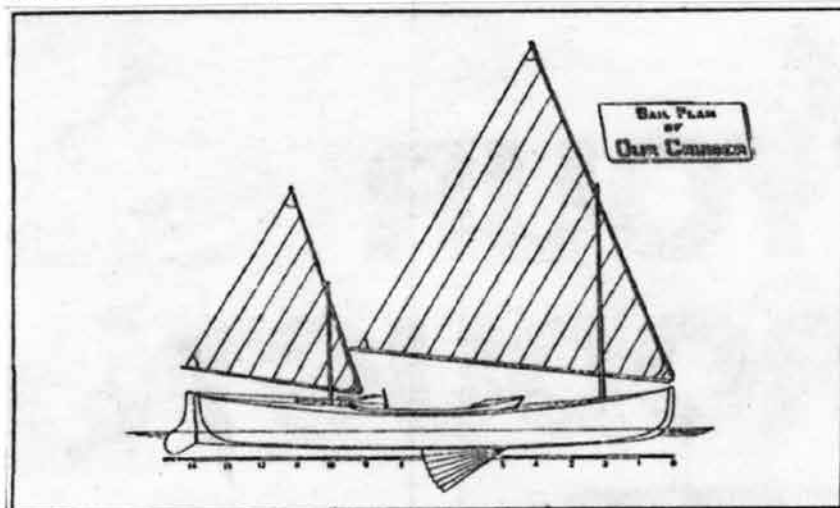
THE ATLANTIS was a 17-footer built for S.R. Stoddard, who sailed her in company with R.B. Burchard down the Hudson River and up the East Coast to the Bay of Fundy. Here she is shown at Delaney's Farm on Grindstone Island in the St. Lawrence River, circa 1884.

of the leading canoe builders of his time, have not survived. This is unfortunately the case with so many notable early canoes.

Nevertheless, considerable design data for these craft has survived and awaits reclamation to make it available for use by today's builders. The best sources of such data are, of course, the meager handful of original canoes from this period which still exist in museums and in the hands of private owners. As yet, however, the lines and details from most of these have not been taken off, and present a lengthy, tedious and exacting job at best. Much work needs to be done here to put this material in shape for builders to use.

There are a limited number of published plans, notably those by W.P. Stephens and the English designer, Dixon Kemp. There is also another source, which I have drawn upon here: namely the published lines and building information found in some of the catalogs of contemporary boatbuilding concerns.

The 14' cruising canoe presented here is one of four cedar-planked canoes offered in the 1887 catalog of R.J. Douglas & Co., Waukegan, Ill. Three are sailing canoes; the fourth is a fast paddling canoe built for racing. Lines for the four canoes are reproduced in the catalog.



THE SAIL PLAN for Our Cruiser shows a simple lateen ketch rig. The fan-like center-board poses a challenge for anyone attempting to build her today.

While these lines are incomplete as given and much reduced in size, it is possible to supply what is missing and to enlarge them to a workable size, which is what I have done with the 14-footer, named Our Cruiser. According to the Douglas catalog, "This canoe is designed to meet the wants of those desiring a good staunch 'all around' canoe, and we think it is destined to become a very popular model." Consequently, I have selected this one as having the widest appeal for amateur construction.

At the time this catalog was issued, R.J. Douglas & Co. was certainly one of the largest builders of boats and canoes in this country and also built all manner of pleasure craft for sail and steam up to 40' or thereabouts. Its 1887 catalog runs nearly 70 pages, is replete with illustrations and, with its abundant comment, makes interesting and informative reading.

In 1888, Merwin, Hulbert & Co. of New York City, listed at the time as "Manufacturers of Fire-Arms and Ammunition and dealers in a most complete line of High-Grade Sporting and Athletic Goods," brought out a large, 56-page catalog devoted in great part to boats manufactured by R.J. Douglas & Co. The following statement appears on the inside cover:

"To The Boat Loving Public: Being the General Eastern Agents of R.J. Douglas Co., Waukegan, Ill. (probably the largest boatbuilding concern in this country, and who, in all probability turn out twice as many craft as any concern in the world, being fully equipped with the best machinery, staff of boatbuilders, experts and superintendents), we are able to make the prices found in the following pages . . . We carry, as far as our rooms will permit, a complete line of their goods. We have on sample at our salesrooms (26 West 23rd St.) a line of rowboats in the cheap, medium, and highest grades, canoes both sailing and paddling, shells and sail boats . . . We guarantee prompt delivery on rowboats and canoes; steam launches, sailboats, barges and shells are generally built to order."

Some idea of the extent of the amount of building carried on by R. J. Douglas & Co., as well as something of the firm's operating philosophy, may be gleaned from introductory remarks addressed "To The Boating Public," at the beginning of its 1887 catalog:

"We are constantly securing the most expert men in the line of designers, draughtsmen, builders and finishers from all parts of the United States and Canada. We never 'lay off' our builders in the fall, but pile up the stock, and at this writing have in stock 300 boats ranging from a 40 ft. steam launch to a 10-lb. canoe. We do not aim to make a cheap boat, i.e. without profit, nor put the price so low we have to slight the work, but we do claim that building the number we do, and buying such quantities of materials, we can afford to do the same class of work for less money than others doing business. For instance, the cheap hunting boats; the men building them work on the same boats the year round, and material is gotten out in the mill in lots of 25 to 50 at a time. Again on 'Lakeside,' we build in lots of 25 to 50 before changing to other styles."

"In canoes, while we do not illustrate a great variety of models, we do try to give a general idea of our most popular ones, and will say that for model, workmanship, and material, we challenge any builder in the world to produce finer."

More as to the extent and volume of Douglas' business: "Our nails and white lead are bought by the ton; our iron by the car. Our wood work, as far as it can be done, is gotten out by machinery. Our pattern work, designing of all kinds, draughting, casting, finishing, and iron and brass work is done in our own shop. . . . The fact that hundreds of our boats go to the Pacific Coast is along evidence that we are building lower than others, quality considered, else they could not afford to pay freight for such a distance."

R.J. Douglas and Co. used three planking methods for its various craft-clinker, carvel and "ribband carvel," the latter being more generally known today as batten seam construction. While some of the Canadian canoes built at Peterborough were planked ribband carvel, Douglas canoes seem to have been planked clinker, like most American canoes at the time from leading builders as Rushton, Joyner, Rugles and others. That method of clinker work carried out in the Douglas shop is described in part as follows:

"We use machinery as far as it can be utilized, but this can only be done to a limited extent on clinker work, as all planks must be gotten out by hand, no two on a side being alike either in shape or bevel. . . . Our hulls are all planked up to the wales before a rib is placed in them, and it is frequently the case that a boat is taken off the stocks in this shape (when some order comes in that is more urgent) and laid aside to be ribbed at our leisure. We merely mention this to show that a boat must be built to shape and not sprung, or it could not retain its shape. The consequence is, the planks have no strain on them, and the frame is put in only for strength, and can then therefore be much lighter than has been the custom in years gone by. . . . in this era of fine boats and good workmanship, no builder would have workmen in his

employ who depend on the old way of springing planks into place, or of using white lead to make tight joints."

In the section of the catalog dealing with canoes is the following introductory statement: "We illustrate a few canoes herein, of styles that we shall keep in stock, and have aimed to combine as many 'all around' good qualities in as few models as possible. On the other hand, we are prepared to build any and everything in the canoe line on short notice, and will furnish designs or build from drawings furnished

by others, and we challenge comparison in workmanship with any other builder in America. . . .

"All of the material that goes into a canoe is of the finest quality, very carefully selected, and is as follows: i.e. Stems and sternpost, hackmatack or mahogany, ribs white oak, planking the finest of clear white cedar, all full length strakes, carlins of white wood or cedar, decks of Spanish cedar or mahogany, backrests, rudder and tiller, etc., of mahogany, coaming, partners, wales, etc., also of mahogany or Spanish cedar."

"All of our canoes illustrated herein are fastened with copper nails and burrs and riveted, and right here let us say that all work as light as 1/4" should be fastened in this manner, since when the planks are beveled the edges are very thin, and a clinched nail is driven back halfway through this thin edge, in order to draw it tight, and is thus very liable to draw through and make a short-lived boat, while, on the other hand, a burr on the inside, well riveted, makes a thin, light boat as little liable to spring apart as one much heavier fastened with clinched nails."

"It takes much more time to fasten a boat in this manner, but it is the only perfect way on very light work and would invariably be adopted for this class of work were it not for the extra expense attending it."

"In conclusion, we will refer our readers to the official account of the meet of the W.C.A. (Western Canoe Association) at Ballast Island last year (See 'Forest and Stream,' Aug. 12, 1886), and they can be the judges as to whether we got our share of the prizes. . . . In a report of the meet

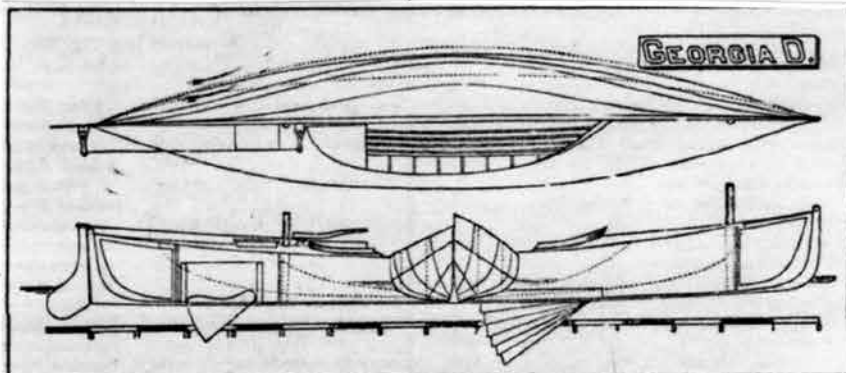
published in the Cincinnati 'Commercial Gazette,' the writer says: 'The best paddling canoes were 40 lbs. weight and built by R.J. Douglas & Co., Waukegan, Ill. They were beauties and glided through the water without a ripple. The best setting sails were a pair of sprits on R.P. McCune's 'Pretzel' Tippecanoe, measuring together about 120 feet, the largest amount of sail carried by any canoe at the meet.' The above-mentioned sails were also made by us, and the same maker makes all of our canoe sails now."

Beyond what has already been quoted, there is no additional building information that might apply to the construction of the canoe, Our Favorite. I suggest, however, that a serviceable hull could be built to the lines set forth here by the same methods, and using the same scantlings, that we described for the Arkansaw Traveler in the previous issue.

Although Douglas has insisted, with some justification, that riveted fastenings are superior, Rushton's clenched tacks and small, cut copper nails have stood the tests of use and time and would be quicker and easier. But, because small cut copper nails for clinching are not now available, necessity dictates rivets. Not so for the small tacks used by Rushton on thin laps, and in this case I would definitely go with Rushton.

The stem and sternpost for Our Favorite had best be natural knee bends of hackmatack, if these are available. If not, glued laminations, if properly made, could be substituted. The stem might be steam-bent oak like that for the Arkansaw Traveler, although the molded width required by Our Favorite is much greater. Obviously, the sternpost could not be steam bent.

For both canoes the same oak bottom board or keel, made to the same dimensions and rabbeted in the same way, may be used. One thing presents a bit of a problem: radix centerboards are no longer manufactured, and such a canoe as this really requires a folding centerboard of some sort. I expect, however, that as demand builds up someone will start making them again. In the meantime, I am sure the resourceful builder will be able to improvise a substitute.



THE GEORGIA D at 15' and 70 lbs. was the largest canoe kept in stock by R.J. Douglas & Co. Note the small centerboard just forward of the rudder.

Sailing Rigs in the Rafters...

The Mersey Canoe Club, Hilbre Island, Sunday
August 22nd, Mike Cottam.

Report by Keith Muscott

John Hughes flagged up this visit on the Forum:
'Historic Sailing Canoe/Kayak Collection on Show at
Mersey Canoe Club'

The Mersey Canoe Club is opening its doors on Hilbre Island for anyone who would like to see their historic collection of sailing canoes on Sunday 22nd August, 2021.

The Mersey Canoe Club was founded in the 19th century as a northern splinter group from the Royal Canoe Club on the Thames and has maintained its clubhouse on the island since 1896. This will be a rare occasion to see their unique collection of canoes.

Hilbre lies in the mouth of the Dee estuary at the western extremity of the Wirral peninsula. It is a tidal island cut off from the mainland for about 2h either side of HW, and is a 3 mile walk across wet sand from the north end of West Kirby marine lake (Wirral). Aim to depart on foot from West Kirby at 8.00 and plan to remain on the island until the tide recedes in the afternoon. JH

THIS EVENT WAS OFFERED IN CELEBRATION OF the MCC's 150th anniversary, so it was a great opportunity to visit their historic base on Hilbre. The island is a fascinating place in its own right: it has been occupied since the Stone Age, and in mediaeval times it absorbed a strong Anglo-Saxon and Christian influence through its close links to Chester Cathedral.

The sandstone strata alone reward the modest effort needed to explore the island. They are weather-worn into shapes that are sublime, grotesque and occasionally perilous in turn.

The MCC clubhouse (*below*) teases the imagination in a different way. A deceptively plain construction from the outside, you ascend several steps and enter a kitchen with water laid on and provision for cooking by gas. Above your head the kitchen roof space holds canoe sailing rigs from years gone by – spars and sails – as well as domestic items. (*See photograph next page*)

Inside, you are surprised by a comfortable well-



Hilbre Island seen from Middle Eye. A third island, Little Eye, completes the small archipelago (*photograph: Wikimedia*)



Middle Eye and just above it Little Eye disappearing into the tide, seen from Hilbre Island *photo by Keith Muscott*

appointed living room with a stove and many authentic photographs and other memorabilia from the club's life in the 19th century onwards. The dormitory next door has bunk beds for those who are staying longer than a day to work on the hut or paddle and sail when the tide allows. The MCC has maintained its den in this spot since 1896.

Four DCA members, Mike Cottam, Chris Woodworth Jennifer Heney and I, joined the club officers on Hilbre early in the day, and much later, when the tide rose sufficiently to float them, we met two members of the Open Canoe Sailing Group and several kayakers from the DCP – the Dyffryn Conwy Paddlers. As the breeze had increased with the tide, they all had a satisfyingly lively crossing. It was good to see a demonstration of the sort of aquatic action we had walked over to celebrate.

Speaking of walking over, Jennifer and I left Anglesey very early and arrived at West Kirby at 07:53. The shore



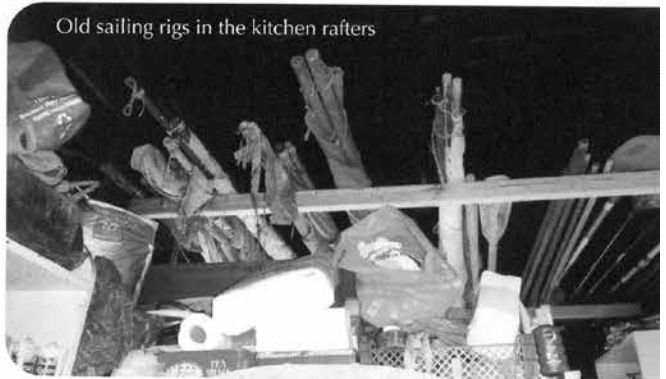
party with Mike Cottam had left well before that. By the time we had located a parking space along the Prom and found our boots we were close to taking a bit of a chance with the tide, but we arrived on the island after a 45-minute walk at the same time as a morning delivery by the RNLI caterpillar tractor (see right, just leaving).

When the initial conversation began to subside, Captain Charles ('...call me Charlie') Warren offered us orange juice cut with Prosecco Frizzante, and then opened up the 'cellarage' beneath the hut so that some of the Club's prized possessions could be pulled out into view. Not vintage wines, but a number of old sailing canoes. *Lily* was lovely – and a Canadian canoe that Paddy said was the best he had ever paddled, from any era. An authentic MacGregor was off the island being overhauled, but a modern era Oughtred MacGegor, *Twig* – I think the 15ft 8ins version – was rigged by Charlie for our delectation.

Soon the gas was lit and bacon sandwiches were distributed while canoes were pushed in and out of their hiding places under the hut. Cans of lager or Boddington's bitter were passed around next, for the benefit of non-drivers. Opinions flowed freely and we got on famously, with few disagreements. It was a long time between Low Waters, so the frying pan saw service again and this time it was sausages served with delicious bread. The hospitality shown to us by just two or three Club members was remarkable and the beneficiaries were duly grateful. Offers of donations to the Club were waved away.

The Mersey Canoe Club blossomed at a time when small light craft were extremely popular in Britain – and elsewhere. The voyages of MacGregor and others became famous, and their books were best sellers. In 1878 Robert Louis Stevenson's first volume, when aged 27, *An Inland Voyage*, was an account of his expedition with a friend from Antwerp to northern France in their sailing kayaks using recently developed double-bladed paddles, inspired by MacGregor's book (1866). This trip was made five years after the MCC was founded.

The MCC would not have been seen as poor relations of the Royal Canoe Club. Merseyside enthusiasts, especially the Birkenhead sailmakers, were admired throughout the land and were responsible for key



Old sailing rigs in the kitchen rafters

High Water at Hilbre Island, September 1921



Twig, the big Oughtred MacGregor

developments in the design of these small boats. These days the membership of the MCC is very modest in size, and they prefer it to be so: and no publicity. The MCC is no longer active on the water. They see themselves as custodians of the Club, its traditions and the few boats that live on. Ideas are being aired as to whether their Club records should be published or not. Charles Warren graciously permitted me to write up this account for the Journal despite their reticence and preference for keeping a low profile.



(Above) Paddy Norman's favourite paddling canoe. Mersey Class canoe behind

(Right) If the DCA ever does have a clubhouse we could do a lot worse than building one like this...



It was interesting to talk to the big group of Dyffryn Conwy Paddlers who made it across for the event – although some were a little late in leaving Hilbre and were neaped before they could reach West Kirby. I know the feeling. They have a considerable online presence which I have enjoyed browsing since our visit.

The two sailing canoes of OSCG members Peter Robinson and Andy Whitham could be seen approaching from a long way off, beating into the robust breeze that had built as the tide rose. Peter has written a detailed account of the trip for the OSCG, which he has transferred to the Song of the Paddle forum. Definitely worth reading.

Peter's cruising boat is also worth looking at; *Sea Harrier* is a thing of beauty; an ethereal creation in varnished wood (left, *marquetry design in stern deck*).

He and Andy Whitham (sailing a Solway Dory canoe) arrived at the rough little landing place on the landward side of Hilbre, which was something of a lee shore. Peter and Andy had been talking about sailing their canoes out to, or around Hilbre for a year or so. They were invited to come by Charles Warren through the good auspices of Mike Cottam.



Captain Charles Warren's fellow MCC members, who helped him to make us feel so welcome were Paddy Norman, Tony Bibbington and Nigel Sutherst. Chris Woodworth brought one or two friends with him, and of course the Dyffryn Conwy Paddlers had a great turn-out, which swelled our numbers. Joining their annual trip up the Conwy river is an attractive possibility for the future.

The cherry on the cake for me was being introduced by Mike Cottam to the book *Camping Out (1891)* written by Dr JD Hayward, then Rear Commodore of the MCC. KM

The OCSG sailing canoes on the rough slip. *Sea Harrier* with blue hull. Keith Muscott (left) with new-found canine pal; Paddy Norman and Mike Cottam (right) standing and helping DCP members to land. As always, the sea was lumpier than it looks.

Photos on this page by Jennifer Henev

PADDLE AND BACKREST

L. Francis Herreshoff has prepared two detailed blueprints, one showing a double paddle, the other a backrest. They are for the double paddle canoe of his own design, but are suitable for other boats of similar nature.

Blueprint, PaddlePrice, \$2.00

BackrestPrice, \$2.00

HOW TO BUILD A CANOE

This is a fine 15 foot canvas covered canoe. Complete plans and instructions as well as a list of materials.

In Sailboat Plan Book.....Price, \$3.00

POOTZY, SMALL PLYWOOD PRAM

Length overall 6 feet 6 inches, beam 3 feet 8 inches.

This able and light little pram was designed by A. Mason to fill the need for a tender for small cruising boats of all kinds. She is built of plywood, can be carried on deck of most boats. Suitable for outboard motor.

Blueprints and specificationsPrice, \$2.00

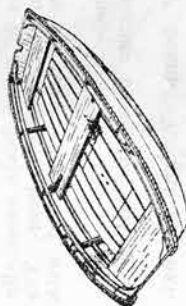
Also in Plywood Plan Book.....Price, \$1.00



SCOW TYPE HANDY BOAT, SHRIMP

Length 8 feet, beam 4 feet.

A handy scow type all purpose boat, easy to row, will carry three or four (in a pinch) useful as a tender for ferrying duffle from ship to shore, and as a work boat for cleaning topsides and painting around your big boat. Planking flush, not clinker; simple to build and fairly heavy so as to take plenty of knocking around.



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WITH PLYWOOD

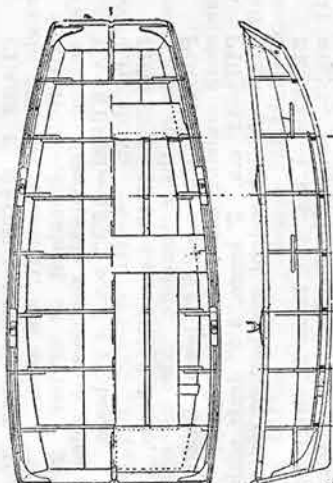
Blueprints and instructionsPrice, \$1.00

NEREIA PRAM

Length 8 feet, beam 3 feet 8 inches. Flat bottom, clinker built.

L. Francis Herreshoff designed this pram as a tender for the 36 foot cruising ketch Nereia. The boat is simple to build, will tow and row easily, and will stand up well under hard usage.

Blueprint and specifications, Price \$5.00

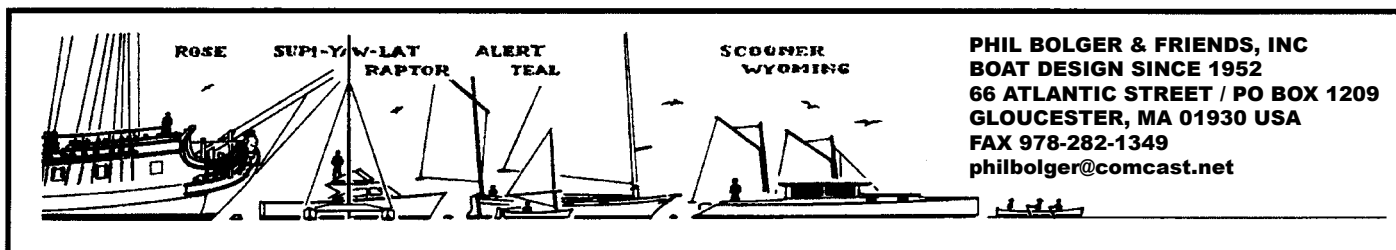


SUSAN, FLAT BOTTOM ROWING SKIFF

A simple and practical rowing skiff 11 feet 3 inches long with a 3 foot 10 inch beam. Frames, chines and stem of oak, planking of white cedar, transom oak or mahogany. Little experience required.

Blueprint and specifications.....Price, \$5.00





Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #564 in *MAIB*

Revisit of Design Fast Weekend Cruiser Whalewatcher

29'x6'6"x12"x410sq ft x15hp
 And... First Study for Whalewatcher-II
 31'1"x7'5"x17"x410sq ft x15hp

This first study for Whalewatcher-II has been long overdue. The original Design #561 Whalewatcher was conceived as a design and drawn in 1989 for George Anger and later became Chapter 47 (of 75) in Phil's sixth book, *Boats With An Open Mind*, of 1994.

This hull featured in these pictures was started by someone with a decent track record but then became available incomplete. Patrick C. of Ohio picked her up and linked up with Mason Smith of Adirondack Goodboat fame, boats very different in shape and size, who would complete this most pronounced exercise in stark austere Bolger functionalism. #561 is certainly on one branch of his rich archive on sharpie types from 12' skiffs to 29m/95' + *Sir Joseph Banks*.

By April of 2009 Phil and I got to sail her, by then named *Utilis*, launched and debugged at Annapolis, Maryland. That episode in the company of Patrick and Mason was featured in issues #429 and #430 of July 2010 v28 #3 and August 2010 v28 #4 respectively.

Gentle broad reach.

Between ideas for upgrades and variations around Whalewatcher fermenting, fueled by that 12 studies series of 31' vee-nose power sharpies culminating in *MAIB* issues of July/August 2021 and September/October 2021, and then receiving more photos of *Utilis* after 12 years of service for Patrick C. in the Great Lakes and the Chesapeake, in Design Column #561 of September/October 2021 I had promised something quite different and yet somewhat related to all this. Hence opening the door to this Whalewatcher-II study.

In so many ways obvious, this first study retains the basic Birdwatcher geometry of substantial (polycarbonate) transparencies left and right for lots of airy interior volume, but also very high shoulders to absorb a knockdown on this shallow hull with a central walkway connecting cockpit and bow well upright through her cabin, no side decks, a simple but powerful rig, an outboard aft on centerline with an underslung

bottom sweeper end plated rudder with its shaft through a wet well up to the tiller clean ahead of the outboard.

Based on these good bones, differences pursued in Whalewatcher-II, however, are substantial. Yes, she still is categorized as a sharpie, however a vee-nose sharpie for a clean quite parting of water underway and a quieter night on anchor, one could consider much of that vee-nose volume also a crumple zone for absorbing the impact of something unyielding hidden in her path. Certainly a complication building her hull by comparison with the pure sharpie hull but with ample returns for the effort.

And Phil had here and there worked with earlier versions of this thinking, with us together later leveraging these opportunities repeatedly in lighter and heavier mono and multi hulls, from both our perspectives a robust compromise between sturdy and simple sharpie structures and more sophisticated bow behavior.

This study uses the same balanced lug cat yawl rig but forgoes (for the moment) the leeboards in favor of a single off center bilge board for lateral plane. And that, in turn, allows swapping out the twin 3' galley blocks for a single 5'9" galley inside of the portside bilge board case structure. And that opens up the option of a 1+1 dinette across the galley, a rather nice detail when you are on good terms with your other crew half. And to get a single bigger bilge board with its longer case, the aft bunks now extend under the cockpit. The result is both a traditional exterior without leeboards but also without a centerboard assembly right on centerline disrupting the daily ease of moving about her for the weekend outing or that months long cruise.

With that fine vee-nose bow, this sharpie can be wider than a pure such build suggested to retain decent water flow around the bow. But with an eye on the option of storing her in a commercial ISO-40' container, she has only grown 6" to a 7' beam plus rub rails. Going to 8' bottom width is perfectly conceivable in pursuit of more sail carrying capacity, but would add hull drag and would not offer much more improvement in the daily experience of her interior. Your priorities may vary.

Whether you'd retain the water ballast option or harden her bottom with external ballast steel plating for reasonably routine beaching and grounding out is another decision. Adding near 1,000lbs in hard extra weight might present cause for concern.

As Patrick found her before completing her, he tows her with a full size long wheel-



base truck/SUV. For what the boat and trailer combined weight adds up either way, finding instead an affordable high mileage long wheelbase tractor vehicle is always a plausible option. With that unit serving often just for a few thousand fuel hungry miles every year, likely that body will go before the drive train is actually worn out, so going for the high output engine option seems obvious to thus make short work of hard ballast as well.

Studying the pictures Patrick sent, the essence of Whalewatcher is right there as we all experienced during that day outing at Annapolis in 2009. While some will recoil from her unorthodox appearance, others (fewer) may be drawn to her because of that unambiguous expression of a very different take on what a 29' light trailerable cruiser could be like, even home buildable.

What both perspectives will likely agree on is the feeling of familiarity stepping into that cabin volume with everything obvious, quite generous on her modest footprint with all that light in her and only the barely disguised head forward giving pause to some, a matter that can be tended to with dignity via a range of visual separation options.

Since exploring a range of various detail options is obviously desirable, we'll do some of that in Part 2 in the next issue. In fact, we may go further than now anticipated. Good fun taking geometries and utility further, always with a sober eye on the building budget, good returns in stimuli and memories and just the plain freedom to not assume tightly



On anchor.

defined “yachty” parameter, something Phil could cater to but often got impatient with, as Design #561 clearly documents.

He would be unlikely to take issue with the limited addition of construction complications doing that vee nose as I built a bigger and faster one of for SACPAS-3 discussed at depth in *MAIB*. Instead, Whalewatcher-II should open the door to attract the eye of more folks to the essence of #561 and its rig-

orous exercise of both cold rationality and here indeed more conventional aesthetics for maximum return for the initial investment in energies and funds to build her.

So, this study will be hanging on the wide cork wall for daily thoughts, growing notes on it with additional sketches joining it. There is no doubt that this first go at Whalewatcher-II has a lot of details to rethink, aesthetics to improve. But it seems a good start.



Soft top central cover.

On the road.



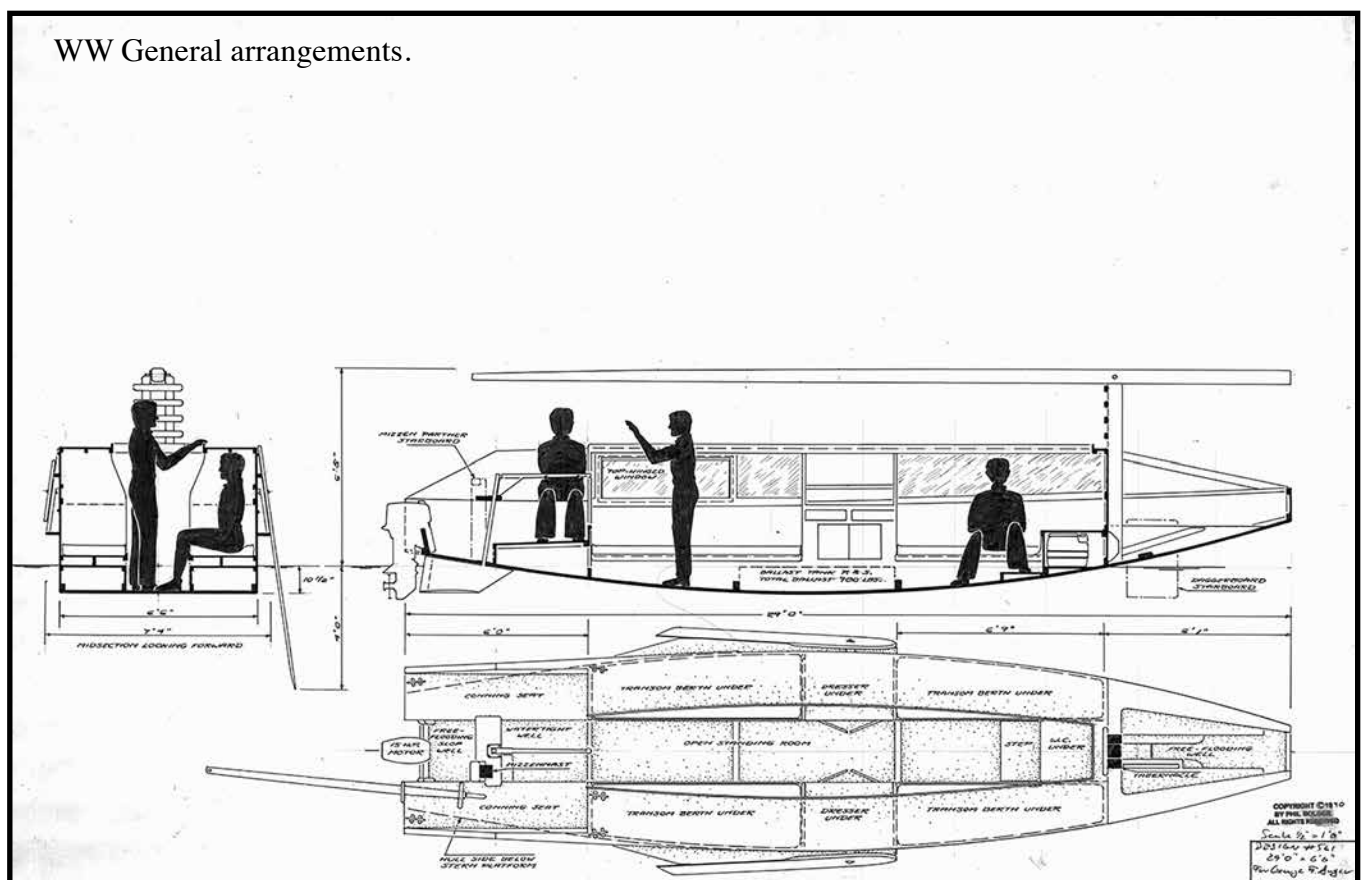
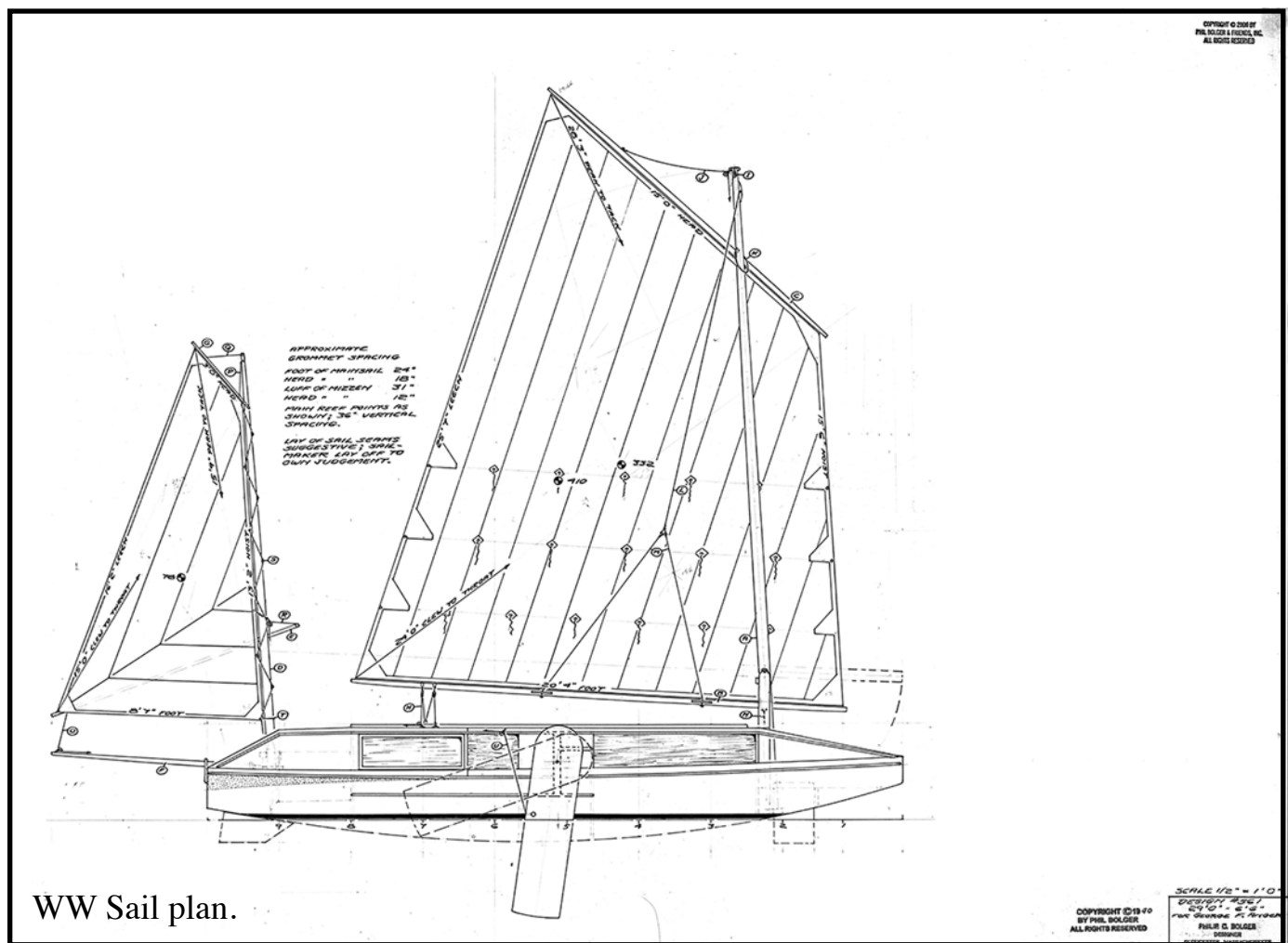
Downwind.



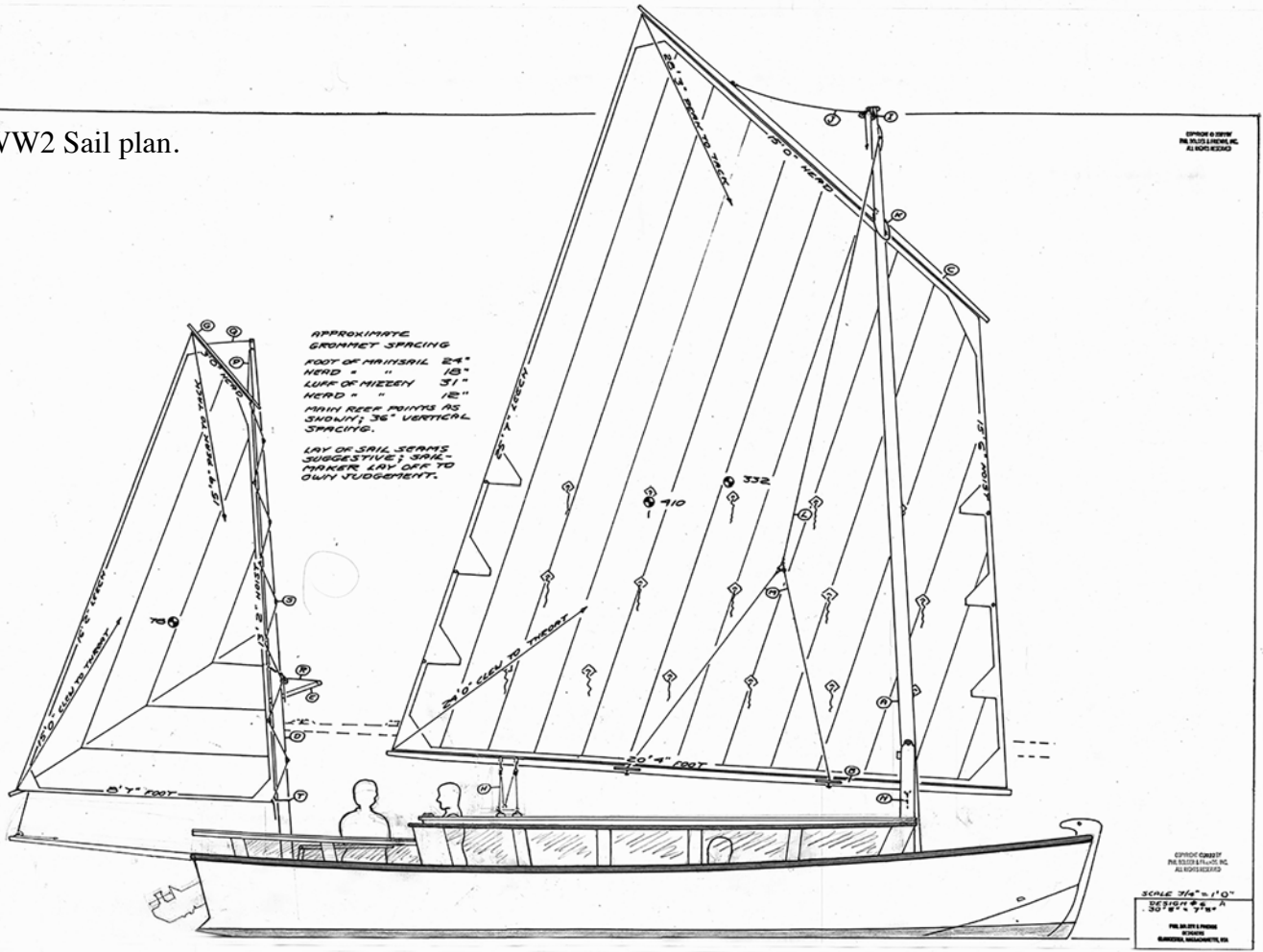
Cabin centerline below.

Starboard galley block.

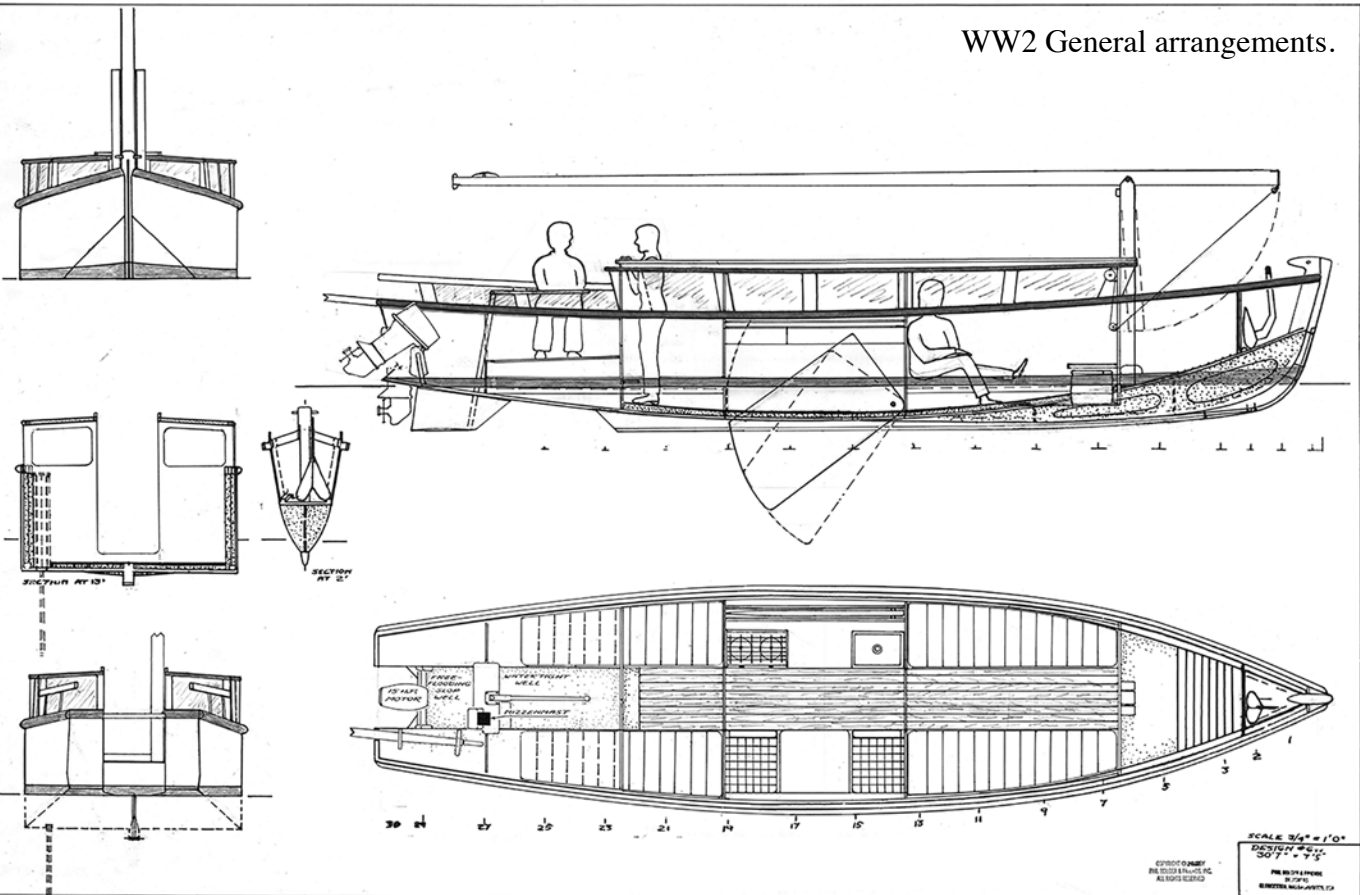




WW2 Sail plan.



WW2 General arrangements.



As long time readers of this column have noticed, I usually bring up some item I found of interest and give the source of the information for further reading if one is interested. I think this approach comes from my years as a researcher. My job was to find a source of the data/information and present it to the decision makers involved on whatever was our current project. Finding the data/information is a lot easier when the decision makers have asked the right question. Making sure what the question is (data/information needed) could be a problem. Answers are easy, it is the accurate question that can be difficult. Thus, the following:

Sailing World had an article entitled "Aligning Forces" in the Fall 2021 issue (pp. 024-028) where the project was a foil in the water, a parasail overhead and the "boat" in the air between the two. The article reminded me of a "Letter to the Editor" published in the December 1971 Amateur Yacht Research Society's *AIRS* by Michael J. Carroll on a publication by Professor J.G. Hagedoorn. The proposal was:

- 1 - a foil in the water
- 2 - a narrow hull boat attached to the foil
- 3 - use a kite (a parafoil was proposed) for the sail
- 4 - suspend the boat between the foil and the sail

Go sailing.

In the same issue of *AIRS* was the picture of a German "personal water craft" that used foils to pick the rider out the water with a reported speed around 15mph with a 5hp outboard. The operator stood on a platform behind the motor mount with a set of foils behind him to hold the aft of the craft out of the water.

If you are interested in seabed research you might want to take a look at bit.ly/sea-bed.map. In 1495 a Swedish warship caught fire and sank off the coast of Stora Ekon. The marine archeologists started diving on the vessel in 2019 and are still at it. An account of the work is in the November 2021 issue of *Smithsonian* starting on page 30. The differences in ship construction at that time between Mediterranean and Baltic ship builders discussed in the article is most interesting.

At one time I was interested in ferro-cement boat hulls and the construction thereof. While I have a number of publications on the subject, a very concise explanation of the construction of a ferroconcrete hull can be found in an article by Stuart M. Rogers, "Ferrocement: the Facts" in the April 1973 *Yacht- ing World* (pp. 83-85).

In case you are interested, although the terms cement and concrete often are used interchangeably, cement is actually an ingredient



of concrete. Concrete is a mixture of aggregates. Cement comprises from 10% to 15% of the concrete mix by volume. Today there is a floating concrete on the market that might be an alternative to the heavier cement. The plan is to use the floating concrete to build platforms for offshore wind turbines located in water too deep for pilings (or the like). For more information on the idea go to page 16 in the Dec/Jan 2022 issue of *Professional Mariner*.

Many people use their AIS receiver to keep track of the boats around them. A problem can develop when a boat's AIS is not sending valid information. Two tugboats collided when the lengths of the tows were not accurately displayed on the AIS. With this in mind, you might take any AIS readings you see with a bit of skepticism.

We deal with corrosion in the marine environment all the time. The effect of corrosion in my non marine environment happened the other day when my external CD drive was no longer recognized by the computer. After checking that the device was still working, I disconnected and reconnected the plug to the computer. All came back up and the device is working fine. Some type of corrosion between the plug and the socket had caused a poor contact between the two and the problem I experienced.

I have read about using a cell phone's camera to take a picture of a problem in a hard to see/reach location on an engine in a boat. I saw that process used the other day on the fan for the heating system under our house. The repair man could hear the problem (just as we could) and stuck his cell phone into the cramped area and took a several pictures. From the pictures he could see what the problem was. He ordered a new fan and motor and all was fixed. Without the use of the cell phone's camera he would have had to disassemble that part of the system to see the problem. A lot of time was saved using the cell phone's camera.

At least once a year, I write about the use of a large leaf bag to prevent hyperthermia (or at least relieve some the problems associated with hyperthermia). The bag is used as a wind-breaker and to hold in the body's heat. If one is needed after someone gets wet, you cut a hole in the bottom for the head to stick out and wrap the bag around them. I learned this trick from a cave explorer who carried such and one time had to use it while waiting for rescue from a cave complex he was in with some other spelunkers (they all had the plastic bags and were using them to keep warm). He noted that he was going to add an inflatable pillow as the cave's rocks were hard and absorbed some of his body heat where he was sitting.

One of the reasons my wife and I gave up boating was the complaints from our bodies after a day on the water. Granted, we did Taoist Tai Chi three times a week (and still do) but the final straw was getting the anchor and chain back in the boat. My shoulders were simply not able to make the lift comfortably. Being a dedicated "do it yourself" person, I looked into some possibilities to get the anchor and chain back into the boat.

One idea was to mount a small winch in one of the rod holders, but the stress from that setup would have broken something (probably the rod holder or the surrounding deck). I then looked into building a winch stand that could be stored out of the way when not needed. The pad on the cockpit sole was not a problem. Once again, it was the leverage that would be exerted on the side deck when the anchor and chain was swung into the boat. There was also the problem of how to hook the winch to the chain near the anchor while hanging over the side of the boat if there was any sea running. The result of all this was that we gave up the boat.

Where are the fuel shut off valves for your engine? Are they in the engine room? According to a number of casualty reports I have read, either you should be able to shut off the fuel to the engine remotely or have a second set of valves outside the engine room.

Recently a shrimp boat was badly damaged when a generator blew up and a fire started in the engine room. The crew could not reach the fuel valves but were able to extinguish the fire. If there had been shut off valves outside the engine room, the fire might have been extinguished quickly with less damage to the boat.

The Winter 21-22 issue of *Sea History* carried an article by Charles D. Gibson on the "Origins of the Rules of the Road." The formal rules we use today were not promulgated until an international convention in 1890 and the Inland Rules were established by Congress in 1897.

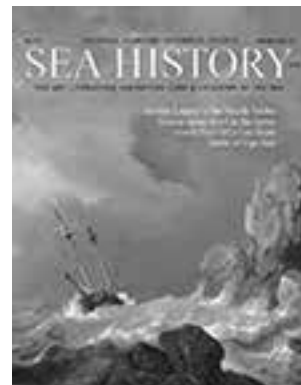
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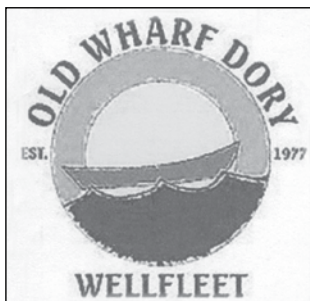


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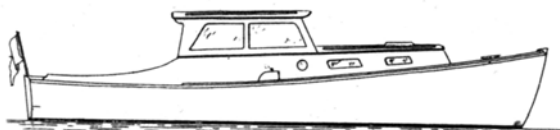
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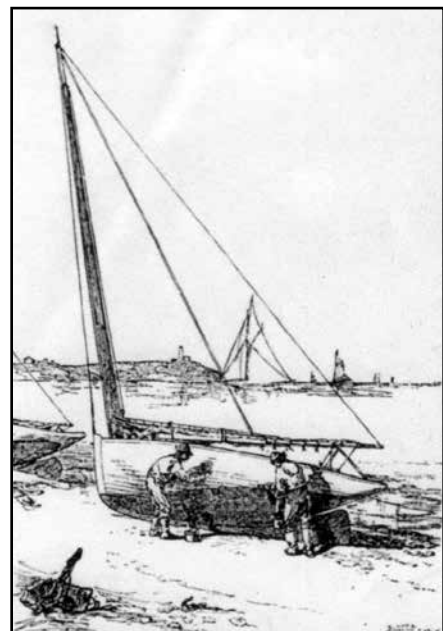


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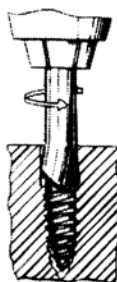
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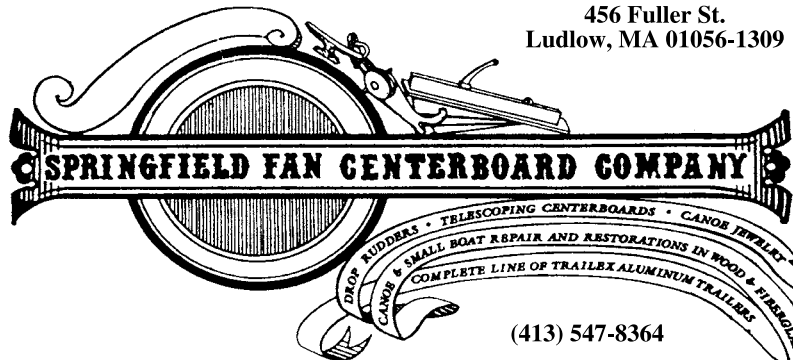
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